

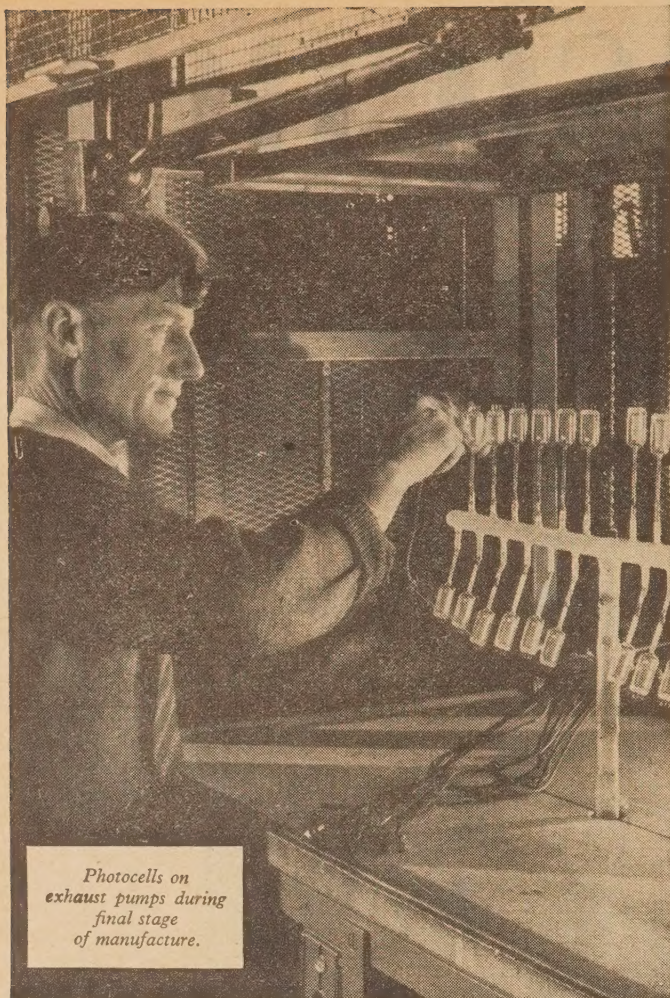
The Listener

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'The Descent of the Holy Ghost', by Taddeo Bartoli, painted in 1403 for the church of St. Agostino in Perugia

Whitsun 1953



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The Listener

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The Rift in Anglo-American Relations

By CLIFTON UTLEY

LET us assume that at least a *de facto* truce has been agreed between us in last week's transatlantic name-calling, and then see if we can figure out why this shrill outburst took place. As is often the case with matters of this sort, it is rather difficult to put your finger on one thing and say, 'this started it'. On the surface, the House of Commons speeches of Prime Minister Churchill and former Prime Minister Attlee seem to have been the trigger that set off the recent outburst. But, quite obviously, they would not have had this influence had our two nations not previously drifted some distance apart, in unavowed but none-the-less quite definite ways. Sir Winston Churchill's address of May 11 caused some concern in this country, but it did not provoke any immediate hostile response. Two days after the Prime Minister spoke, it became apparent that the State Department disagreed with the official British view, not on whether, but on when, a proposed top-level meeting should be held. Sir Winston wanted an early meeting, the State Department clearly wanted to delay matters until after signature of a Korean truce and an Austrian peace treaty. By itself, this difference about when to hold a top-level meeting did not cause any immediate outburst here, partly because it was not until two days after the Prime Minister's speech that the American public was formally notified there was a difference between the two nations on this matter of timing.

The same was to some extent true of the Prime Minister's partial blessing given to the Communist eight-point Korean truce plan, in Churchillian words: 'I certainly feel that this new proposal requires patient and sympathetic consideration'. At the time Mr. Churchill spoke, it had been noted here in the United States that the Communists' eight-point prisoner-of-war proposals, though loaded with possible jokers, did make one basic concession on the

fundamental point, namely that prisoners unwilling to return home, and whose ultimate condition was being determined, should be held in Korea, and not sent physically to a neutral custodian nation. Since the Reds had come around on this point, there was some disposition here to regard the U.N. proposal as making progress, though it was still suspect. It was not until a day and a half after Sir Winston Churchill spoke that General Harrison introduced the twenty-six-point United Nations proposal at Panmunjom which, in fact though not in form, rejected much of the Communist proposal. Thus, again, it was not until almost two days after the Prime Minister spoke that the American public was put on notice that there was a major difference between British and American views on truce proposals just as there was a significant difference on the issue of when, and in what circumstances, a top-level conference should be held.

This meant that in the United States the full impact of the Churchill speech did not register at the moment of delivery, but instead it came a day and a half to two days later, which meant that the delayed impact of the Churchill address came almost simultaneously with the response to the Attlee speech. And what, you may say, was there in Mr. Attlee's speech to cause tempers to rise on this side of the Atlantic?

There were two things, both unquestionably true, in the exact manner in which Mr. Attlee argued them, but both capable of arousing antagonism here in the United States. Mr. Attlee said that some elements in the United States do not want a Korean truce. This is unquestionably true: we have our crazy men, just the same as Britain has her Colonel Blimp type characters. It would be idle to deny that some Americans do not want a Korean truce. I suspect the reason this statement of Mr. Attlee's caused

antagonism here in the United States was a feeling in many quarters that although all Attlee said was that some Americans did not want a Korean truce, what he was implying, in projecting his remarks towards British groups tainted with anti-Americanism, was that a large part of our American public did not want a Korean armistice. To anyone who has seen the impact of the Korean war on our American life, to anyone who sees the daily and ever-increasing American casualty list, and who knows that more than 1,000,000 Americans have gone to Korea since the start of the war, the idea that any considerable element in this country does not want a Korean armistice—that is fantastic. Thus, in taking up Mr. Attlee's remarks about some Americans not wanting a Korean truce and perhaps imputing to those remarks a greater meaning than the former Prime Minister himself meant to give it, those anxious to muddy the waters of Anglo-American co-operation, were on sound psychological grounds when they began castigating him.

There was also Mr. Attlee's remark about the Constitution of the United States having been framed for an isolationist state. Here, again, the statement that Mr. Attlee actually made was unquestionably correct. Our Constitutional Convention that met at Philadelphia in 1787 did draft a constitution for an isolationist nation, and geographical considerations and the state of ocean transportation being what they then were there was every chance that the United States would continue to live in isolation, for a longer period than anything the framers of our Constitution could guess. Furthermore, as every American boy or girl who has studied political science knows full well, it is easier, because of the British constitutional system, for a British government than for the United States to have a clear, consistent, and quick-acting foreign policy. The British Parliament contains a majority of Government supporters, and they must vote to back the Prime Minister's foreign policy since if they do not the Government is thrown out of office and the M.P.s lose their jobs, something they are naturally rather reluctant to do.

The President and Congress

By contrast, under our American constitutional system of checks and balances, the President's party may have a majority in Congress, but that does not mean that the President can necessarily get Congress to support and where necessary enact his foreign policy, for the simple reason that no Congressman or Senator risks losing his job by voting against the President on foreign policy. Naturally, because of the historical American suspicion of a strong executive, which perhaps has roots in the colonial era of George III, Congressmen and Senators may figure they will get credit for independence on the books of their constituents if they defy the President and make things tougher for the chief executive's foreign policy.

These things are well known to all American students of government and politics, and are not even a matter of discussion and controversy among them. I take it this is about all Mr. Attlee was claiming in his remarks about our American Constitution. If so, why did this part of Attlee's speech create such a furore here in the United States? I think the answer is that we in the United States do not go in for kings or queens, so we have to have other symbols to perform the unifying function that in the United Kingdom is performed by royalty. Our symbols are the American flag and the Constitution of the United States. The result is a considerable degree of respect and veneration for our American Constitution, that makes a great many of us infinitely prone to resent any fancied criticism of this Constitution by foreigners. These, I think, are factors that go some distance in explaining last week's outburst, but they are only part of the story.

Personalities on this side of the water are obviously important. Senator McCarthy is hardly a restrained person. He is accusing former Prime Minister Attlee of blackmail and of having joined former Secretary of State Dean Acheson in compromises with Truman—that and the statement of Senator Knowland, who heads the Senate 'Asia First' bloc, accusing Britain of urging a Far

Eastern Munich, were not the statements of judicious minds; and they caused some shock in more sober circles here. So did Senator Knowland's attribution to Churchill of a threat to make the United States 'go it alone' in Korea, if the U.S. failed to take Britain's advice on Korea—a threat, by the way, which did not appear on the face of Sir Winston's speech. Mr. Knowland dramatically waved his arms and told the Senate that if the United States had to go it alone in Korea, so be it. Senator McCarthy made a similar remark, and ended by proposing that the U.S. Navy sink all ships, clearly having British ships in mind, carrying cargoes that might bring death to American boys—meaning, carrying cargoes to Communist China.

The presence of such low-boiling point personalities in the United States Senate was a prerequisite to the exchange of acerbity. I think it is clear, it still would not have taken place had there not been a greater drift apart between Britain and the United States than either nation perhaps realised. Now, why this drift? In part, I think it is caused by a feeling in this country that the United States has carried a disproportionate part of the load of the Korean war, and a feeling which is increased by the constant quotations of attacks on the United States, in Labour newspapers and periodicals, that there is something almost approaching a systematic effort to decry the American contribution in some British quarters. Then there is the Aid question, which is psychologically troublesome to Americans—and I imagine in a different way it is also disturbing to Britain. Another factor is the whole confusion here over the 'Trade not Aid' slogan. The Eisenhower administration believes in principle in replacing aid with trade, because that ought to make it possible to cut aid further, and reduce rather heavy American taxes. But as you will have noticed, in actual fact Mr. Eisenhower has been able to do very little to increase the possibility of exports to America.

These are some of the things that underly the drifting apart that contributed to last week's explosion; there are doubtless other causes. The psychological difficulties on both sides of the Atlantic in adjusting to the changed Anglo-American power relationship is perhaps an additional factor. Can anything constructive come from the recent strident exchanges? Some responsible persons here think something constructive can be resolved. Senator Wiley, the head of our Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Alexander Smith of New Jersey, both took the Senate floor following the McCarthy and Knowland explosions to decry the Knowland and McCarthy suggestions that the United States 'go it alone'. Senator Smith went so far as to say that in his considered opinion it was simply not possible for the United States to 'go it alone'.

It may be that the recent explosion, by bringing about a sober re-study of our relations with the United Kingdom and others, will have a constructive result—at least in making both sides more conscious of the factors that took them rather farther apart than perhaps either had realised. One thing is abundantly clear here, and that is that after the fight it is widely realised that the chief gainers were inevitably the communists. There will be a natural disinclination to give the communists such an advantage in the future though, here again, one must add the cautionary word that no guarantees can be given regarding the possible future behaviour of such turbulent personalities as Senator Joseph McCarthy.—*Home Service*

THE LISTENER next week will be a Coronation Number and will contain among other features a contributed article by Mr. Roger Fulford on 'The Monarchy and the Microphone.'

Starting in the same number THE LISTENER'S two television critics, Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace and Mr. Reginald Pound, will each be contributing an article weekly instead of, as hitherto, in alternate weeks.

Two Young Arab Kings and Their Tasks

By F. W. GILLETT

RATHER more than 1,000 years ago, the Arab east was a world centre of learning and culture. Baghdad was a Mecca for the learned men of the day, for poets and musicians, for philosophers and scientists. In its famous bazaars were found the choicest goods of China and India, of Egypt and Syria. At the time when western Europe was still in its Dark Ages, Baghdad boasted a hospital. It had trained physicians and oculists. Its court was as glamorous as any in Europe or Asia. Baghdad in this period stood alone as the rival to Byzantium. For 600 years after the Arab conquest this was the Arab east. Then came the Mongol invasions. Baghdad was sacked and Arab rule, as it was then known, was wiped out. For the next few centuries the region was laid waste. The scene became one of desolation and degeneration. Warring tribes and dynasties rose and disappeared.

It was not, indeed, until 1921, after a period of Turkish rule, that Iraq finally regained its political entity with the establishment of a new kingdom under King Feisal I. Some twelve months earlier, in 1920, King Abdullah, Feisal's brother, had moved into what was then known as Transjordan, of which he later became King. Sons of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, and descendants of the Prophet, Mohammed, Feisal and Abdullah began to develop their new lands side by side with a common border. Both showed a particular aptitude for statecraft, and King Feisal became endeared to his people. More, his name became legendary further afield than the Moslem world, chiefly because of his own simple democratic way of life. He was fifty when his untimely death occurred in 1933.

Thoughts of these past Arab achievements and splendour are today being revived in the countries of the Middle East by the accession of the grandsons of these two great kings—Feisal II in Iraq and Hussein in Jordan. In centuries-old Baghdad, which somehow survived the savage Mongols, the second Feisal has just taken the oath of

monarchy to safeguard the Constitution and the independence of the country and be loyal to the nation. In Amman, the capital of what is now Jordan, on the same day and at about the same hour, Hussein gave a similar pledge to his people.

With the beginning of these two reigns, 6,000,000 Arabs—4,000,000 to 5,000,000 Iraqis and over 1,000,000 Jordanians—are looking to boy kings (they both acceded on their eighteenth birthdays) for a new and enlightened future and an era of opportunity and better living. The young monarchs themselves will be under no illusions as to the immensity of the tasks which fall upon their yet immature shoulders, for Iraq and Jordan, in common with other parts of the Arab world, are today striving for stability and a greater measure of wellbeing for the masses; objectives which will call for the wisest guidance and the most sober statesmanship. Feisal II came to the throne as a popular young man, acclaimed by all sections of the Iraqi nation. Like his cousin Hussein, he was educated at Harrow, and it is said that he has been brought up as a king. His instruction began at the tender age of four when his father, King Ghazi, who succeeded the first Feisal, was killed in a motor accident in 1939.

Iraq has always lived on the waters of its two great rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris. The secret of Iraq's rise to international fame



King Feisal II of Iraq takes the salute during a military parade in honour of his enthronement



Contrasts in Baghdad: 'smart new buildings' in the main street of the city' and (left) 'twisted, crowded lanes'

those many centuries ago lay in a highly efficient system of irrigation, and today the same two rivers are still the country's lifeline. But now they fall into the picture against the background of a new source of wealth—the black waters which spring from Iraq's oil-drenched sub-soil. Since 1927, oil has been flowing through the pipelines of Iraq to the outer world in ever increasing volume. This oil stream has brought with it revenues for the Iraqi national coffers. In less than three years Iraq's income from oil sources will be rather more than £1,000,000 a week; in fact, some £60,000,000 a year, thanks to a fifty-fifty profit sharing agreement with Iraq Petroleum Company and its subsidiaries.

With this new-found wealth as an oil producer, Iraq has laid down a vast and ambitious national-development policy. At the moment, some seventy per cent. of all oil revenues are being ploughed back to meet the cost of far-reaching projects in the fields of agriculture, industry, health, and education, all of which are designed to bring a new conception of living to the Iraqi man-in-the-street. Now, day by day, an army of engineers, both foreigners and Iraqis, and the men in the drawing office, are blue-printing the Iraq of tomorrow. It is planned to be an Iraq of great new irrigated areas, of dams and trunk roads and bridges, of new schools and hospitals and new homes.

The visitor to Baghdad today gets a first impression of sharp contrast. Perhaps I can best illustrate this by a personal experience when I recently attended King Feisal's enthronement. I was taken sightseeing by car. At one moment, in the older part of the city, we jolted through the narrowest of rutted, twisting, crowded lanes flanked by dark, tiny, native shops. Seemingly, at the next we swept on to a modern, smoothly metalled twin-carriage way, to be confronted by a red double-decker bus trundling along the road. That is the incongruity of Baghdad today. Modern development of the west is jostling cheek by jowl with the magic-carpet atmosphere of the east, with its time-honoured bazaars and coffee-shops. The bus replaces the camel, the macadam highway the rutted track, and the smart new building the tumble-down dwelling. That is not to say that all of Baghdad's strange and mysterious byways and coffee-houses—so typical and which, indeed, give the city its character—are doomed. But this changing scene is symptomatic of the progressive developments envisaged for Iraq. Even greater progress is to be seen outside the capital: everywhere in the provincial areas new buildings are going up—schools, houses, railway premises, and so on. New roads and more new roads are under construction.

All these activities, however, are subsidiary to the core of Iraq development—the expansion of fertile acres for a settled peasantry and the control and use of the flood waters of the

Euphrates and the Tigris. To achieve this, even the geography of the country will be changed in some parts. Iraq is fortunate in having everything it needs for its development plans—the land, the water, and, most important, the money. The most optimistic of the planners know there will be problems and difficulties to smooth out, inevitable in such wide-scale planning. But all indications are that the young Feisal begins his reign at a time when Iraq is on the threshold of big things, and there is seemingly every promise that a great kingdom will be his to rule, perhaps one of the greatest in the Middle East.

The prospects for Hussein in Jordan appear, superficially, at any rate, to be somewhat grimmer: Jordan is not in the happy position of having virtually unlimited water supplies, nor has she oil to bring in much-needed revenue for financing developments. Nevertheless, Jordan is growing. Not long ago, a partnership was established between Britons and Jordanians in the economic field, which may be calculated to give fresh impetus to Jordan's development. Under this partnership Britain is providing certain sums for the financing of a five-year plan which is now being drawn up in detail in Jordan Government departments. Jordan's size and the character of the terrain necessarily limit the country's resources, and the five-year plan will be devised to make the utmost use of what is available. As in Iraq, the emphasis is on agriculture and a number of irrigation projects are currently under consideration, for, also like Iraq, Jordan has a population to settle on the land. Jordan is additionally optimistic that the rugged, barren hills, studding the countryside, can be induced to yield manganese in sufficient quantities to be exploited commercially and to bring in an appreciable income. And there are apparently bright prospects for the development of a phosphate industry.

Tourism, too, is becoming a major money spinner. Visitors to the Holy Land, particularly Jerusalem, already bring in over £1,000,000 a year for the Jordan exchequer. In Amman one is instantly struck by the activity that is going on. Six years ago the capital was no more than an over-sized village; today it has

reached the proportion of a large town with non-stop housing construction reaching up the sides of a devil's punch-bowl, for Amman lies in a hollow. It has been described as a boom town, and this seems a fairly faithful label. But on a recent visit there I found that no responsible Jordanian minimises the job of establishing a sound economy, though in a region where emotion frequently clouds good judgment it was refreshing to find facts being faced realistically. It would be wrong to give the impression that the Jordanian people, or their leaders, are happy about receiving outside assistance. They are not. Understandably, Jordan wants to be master in its own house, to stand on its own feet, but for the moment Jordan cannot



King Hussein of Jordan making a speech of thanks to his people for the congratulations he had received on the occasion of his enthronement on May 2



General view of Amman, capital of Jordan

make ends meet, she must have aid and has turned to her friendly ally, Britain.

The country's problems are further complicated by its large Palestine Arab refugee population. They account for nearly half of the total inhabitants of this small kingdom. In Jordan, more than anywhere else in the Middle East, one gets a thorough insight into this continuing tragedy of the Arab refugee. Settlements for housing these unfortunate people are already under way in Jordan, and some have been completed. But, even so, scores of thousands, men, women, and children, are still subsisting in varying degrees of misery and idleness in tented camps dotted across the face of the country.

Meanwhile, Hussein, like Feisal, is immensely popular with his people. On completing his education in England recently, at Harrow

and Sandhurst, he spent several days touring all parts of his kingdom, chatting and getting to know his subjects. His is an uphill task, but those who know him best say he is sincere and able, and that, with the right guidance, he may lead his people towards a lasting solution of their present-day ills.

So two new Arab reigns have begun: two young boys have set out on careers of kingship with opportunity stretching before them. In the immediate months ahead the eyes of many parts of the world will be on them, and the question which inevitably arises in the minds of those with a knowledge of the turbulent Arab world is: will they make good? Many of these knowledgeable people believe that on the success or failure of these two boys depends the whole future of monarchy in the Middle East. I, for one, would not disagree with them.

—Home Service

European Union in the Melting Pot

By KENNETH MATTHEWS, B.B.C. special correspondent in Strasbourg

I DO not think I really know what a melting-pot is, but I seem to have heard of them from my earliest years, especially in history lessons: 'Austria-Hungary in the melting-pot', or even 'back in the melting-pot'. I formed the impression of a thing like a casserole bubbling on a gas stove. You knew, more or less, what was in the pot, but what was going to come out when the cooking was done could not be exactly predicted. The idea came back to me when I was listening to the Council of Europe debate at Strasbourg last week and the week before. I felt sure that Europe was in the melting-pot, but if it was, it was being cooked on a very slow flame.

You would imagine that if six countries of Europe were really going to unite and have a single super-government and hold democratic elections to a new super-parliament of the united states of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, that all of us, in fact most of the world, would be in a mood of some excitement wondering what was going to happen, and perhaps who the first super-prime minister was going to be. These questions are sometimes asked in the corridors or at the cocktail parties of Strasbourg, but not with any urgency, not as if they were tomorrow's possibilities. The question I heard most often this time was whether so-and-so, or such-and-such a party was 'cooling off'. Perhaps that was what brought the melting-pot to mind. Certainly, as a result of this assembly, I learnt what the French word for 'cooling off' was; and when the President came out to talk to journalists after the assembly had adjourned he, too, said that he had noticed a cooling off. And being pressed to give names, he said he thought some British delegates had shown a cooler attitude than when they had last debated the subject in January.

What the British delegates had certainly been agreed on was that it was no business of theirs to tell the six countries to unite or not to unite: they were for leaving the gas taps severely alone. But both Conservative and Labour Party representatives told the assembly that if the union were formed Britain would do her utmost to co-operate with it. The people who have turned the taps down were those from inside the six countries. Herr Carlo Schmid, for the German socialists, argued that the Treaty of Union as it stood would hinder the reunification of Germany. M. Mollet, the French socialist leader, made no speeches but let it be understood that his objections to the treaty had not been cleared away, and he abstained from the most important vote. A good deal of opposition was expressed by Belgian speakers, and the Belgian team at Strasbourg is an influential one. M. Rolin, the international lawyer who pleaded Dr. Moussadeq's oil case at The Hague Court, believed that he had found an important legal flaw in the treaty. It was the article making the treaty binding on the people in the Soviet zone of Germany, if and when Germany was reunited. The Hague Court, said M. Rolin, would be likely to reject this interpretation of the treaty.

In the midst of all these critical or negative opinions, up jumped the man whom many consider the outstanding orator of this assembly, M. Teitgen of France. M. Teitgen is a flame in himself; he is one of the champions of the idea of union, and he defends it with a passionate conviction. He spoke for nearly an hour, and not a man in that usually restless semi-circle moved from his seat. I have the whole text of the speech in front of me now, but I prefer to tell you only about that

moment which particularly impressed itself on my memory. I should explain that M. Teitgen was following Herr von Brentano, Dr. Adenauer's friend, who had been trying to dispose of the argument that the treaty of union might not be legally binding on the Germans now under Soviet occupation. M. Teitgen turned round to the assembly and, breaking for one instant the rule that speakers must address the Chair, said: 'You have heard the solemn declaration of the representative of the German Government. If such a pledge of sincere German co-operation in Europe had been given in 1931 or 1932 by an elected representative of the German people, would you then have started quibbling and asking if he really represented this or that element of the German population?' M. Teitgen's theme was that the foundation stone of any European union must be the reconciliation of France and Germany. And what many, if not most, of the assembly thought of his speech was summed up by Lord Layton, who had to follow him.

Lord Layton said: 'Mr. President, it is very hard to address this assembly while it is still under the spell of the superb oratory, not to speak of the irony and wit, of M. Teitgen. Indeed, I agree with so much of what he said that I feel the only sensible thing for me to do is to say "I agree", and sit down. But...' And there were a good many 'buts' which were stronger than Lord Layton's, as the voting proved when it came to voting on the political resolutions last Monday. First, the most important resolution was watered down so that more delegates would be able to vote for it. Instead of calling on the six governments to proceed to a speedy conclusion of their task, which to most people meant completing the treaty and the union, it called on the six governments only to come to a speedy decision on the treaty. And that meant only a decision one way or the other. M. Spaak, of Belgium, whom many say has now staked his political future on the success of the union of six, immediately jumped up to protest that the assembly was trying to get a unanimous vote by covering up real differences of principle. 'I was going to vote for the resolution', he said, 'because I thought it meant we wanted the six to conclude the treaty as quickly as possible. Now I learn from a British conservative that he is voting for because he wants the six to reject the treaty as quickly as possible'. The assembly roared with laughter. Delegates who remembered the enthusiasm with which some very far-reaching proposals like that for the setting up of a European army had been voted in Strasbourg, pulled long faces over the voting figures last week. The abstentions particularly were heavy. Of the two main resolutions one got only 62 positive votes out of 100.

After the half-heartedness at Strasbourg I was surprised to find a completely different atmosphere prevailing at Luxembourg. It has to be remembered that although the six have not managed to set up a joint Foreign Office yet, or even a joint War Office, they have got one branch of their union already open—that is the Coal and Steel Community at Luxembourg. And those who are actually running the Coal and Steel Community do not for one moment believe that the union of six is going to stop at coal and steel. They believe that the super government which is now controlling the steelworks and the coal-mines of the six is simply blazing the trail for the bigger political one. Sir Cecil Weir, who is Britain's ambassador to the Coal and Steel

Community told me: 'When the politicians of the six feel their faith oozing away, they come to Luxembourg to replenish it from M. Monnet'. M. Monnet is the remarkable Frenchman who, as President of the Coal and Steel high authority, has been described as the first man outside kings and queens and presidents to hold a sovereign position in the world. M. Monnet has already issued his first laws. They have gone out in the form of letters to the six governments, announcing the establishment of the common market both in coal and in steel. Customs duties and all restrictions on the free movement of steel products must be abolished by May 1. That was the style of the instruction. But although these letters have the force of law throughout the six countries, M. Monnet's is not a dictatorship. His method is to keep in touch with all the interested parties, and secure the maximum consent for any action he undertakes. He says himself: 'We should not really be called the High Authority. We should be called "Consultations Unlimited"'.

This method has already given important results. One of the toughest problems so far was how to unify the sales' tax on steel products, which was different in different countries. The Germans thought their system was the best, and fought hard to keep it. M. Monnet then asked four professors, one of them an Englishman, to sit down together and study the problem. The four experts reported against the German system. And after several weeks of intense debate, during which there was a doubt whether the matter might not have to go before the Special Court of the Coal and Steel Community, the Germans gave way. This court, like the High Authority, functions at Luxembourg. But it has had only one or two cases referred to it so far. The most important of them is a complaint by the French that Belgian coal is being sold unfairly in northern France. Now, Belgian coal has had favoured treatment in the community. Because it is more expensive to get out of the ground it has been given a subsidy spread over five years, half of which is being paid—and this is a point brought up by those who claim that there is a new spirit in this community—by its Dutch and German competitors. And the French say that this subsidy is being used to undersell French coal in northern France.

The community may now have a still sterner test ahead. On May 20 the steel men of the six countries have to publish their price lists. It is believed that the prices of steel and steel products will rise. The inference is widely drawn that the steel firms have reached an agreement among themselves about equalising prices and dividing the market. Such an agreement would be in defiance of the treaty setting up the community, which aims at lowering prices by abolishing restrictions and encouraging competition. M. Monnet has given three separate warnings to the steel firms that if such an agreement is proved the High Authority will act. Meanwhile, a conference has been called for

the end of May, a buyers' conference, at which the customers of the steel firms will be able to have their say and make their complaints. On the general question of rising prices, the High Authority had to admit that the price of coal has already risen since the common market opened in February. An official of the authority told me rather ruefully: 'We base our whole existence on the theory that when restrictions go and competition is free prices must fall. If in fact prices rise we shall look rather silly'.

The High Authority has just prepared its first annual report. This is the report on which M. Monnet and individual members of the High Authority stand or fall. It is the equivalent of the vote of confidence by which democratic governments submit themselves to judgment in parliament. In this case the parliament is the Coal and Steel Assembly, composed of seventy-eight parliamentarians from the six countries, who meet next month in Strasbourg for the special purpose of debating the High Authority's report. If it is approved, M. Monnet and his eight colleagues go on serving; if it is rejected they resign, and a new High Authority is appointed. The report takes the story more or less as far as the opening of the common market for steel, and then there is a special report on the steel market. One of the most interesting items of the report deals with the tax which the coal and steel industry has to pay to the community partly to run the community itself, but mostly to set up a fund for modernising the industry and improving the social conditions of the workers. Some critics thought that this revenue might not come in properly, as M. Monnet employs only four people in his tax-collecting department and leaves it to the firms to estimate their own tax, but the report expresses complete satisfaction with the way this novel taxation has worked so far, although only two months' figures are as yet available. There are men of long business experience at Luxembourg who have day-to-day dealings with the community, and are enthusiastic about its chances of success. They point out that in a field where politics so often cause delay, the High Authority has held almost exactly to its timetable. By listening to the opinion of others, but not hesitating to impose its own decision at the proper time, it has secured a great deal of acceptance and respect in the industries it governs. It has shown statesmanship in difficult situations and those who praise its statesmanship invariably bring in the name of M. Monnet. The most experienced observers add that it is much too early to make firm prophecies about the future of the Coal and Steel Community. So much still depends on what happens to the political union of the six. But they are agreed on one thing: nobody can conceive a situation in which one part of the union goes forward and the other backward. If that should happen, Europe would really be back in the melting-pot again.—*Home Service*

The Changing Tactics of French Communism

By CLAUDE BOURDET

THE major fact in the last municipal elections has been the downfall of the R.P.F., the Rally of the French People, General de Gaulle's party. De Gaulle's success at the municipal elections of 1947 had been the result of a wave of anti-communist feeling and fear among the wealthier part of the population, carrying along with them large masses of people influenced by de Gaulle's name and prestige and angry with the inevitable difficulties of the post-war period. But as the years went by, the business world and the French bourgeoisie realised that the communist menace, both internal and external, had been greatly overestimated; at the same time they were highly unfavourable to the semi-fascist and pro-labour outlook of some points of de Gaulle's programme. Moreover the authoritarian spirit of the General, his disgust with the tricks of the parliamentary system, his refusal to commit his party to any co-operation in a government based on what he contemptuously called '*le système*', slowly separated from him the mass of his followers.

When last year the Pinay Government utilised a communist meeting against General Ridgway as a motive to arrest leaders of the Communist Party without causing any important reaction in the working class; and when this year M. Mayer went one step further and attempted to put into jail trade-union leaders—for instance, the General Secretary

of the largest French trade union, M. Frachon, a communist considered as moderate and generally liked (he managed to escape being arrested and is still in hiding)—when these, from a working-class point of view, rather provocative measures, did not even cause a major strike, then French conservative circles in France understood that Gaullism was entirely out of date.

All this explains why the Gaullist parliamentary group has lost so many members and why municipal elections have been a disaster for his party. It remains to be seen whether the remains of this party will keep a modest place in French political life, as a kind of authoritarian nationalist party with socialist leanings, or whether it will disappear altogether. The decision taken by General de Gaulle on May 5 to sever his connections with the parliamentary group of the party suggests the latter.

The decline of the Gaullist party has not changed deeply the balance of French political life, and has merely produced a redistribution among the forces of the right, masses of electors leaving the R.P.F. to return to the old traditional right, politically more democratic but sociologically more reactionary. But the notable phenomenon shown by the municipal elections was the revival of the left. Especially remarkable was the political come-back of the socialist party. The French socialists had

suffered terribly from their connection with the reactionary policies followed, with their unwilling consent, by various governments in which they took part since 1947. Since the French socialists have gone over to the opposition, they are, as many ballots show, no longer branded as being supporters of the Viet-Nam war, of the so-called European Army, of dismantling public ownership and generally the destruction of the welfare state.

Communist Party Gains

This progress of the Socialist Party makes, at first sight, all the more curious the general stabilisation and in some instances the gains of the Communist Party. Some people believed that the total failure of various communist-inspired strikes, the lack of reaction of the party when its leaders were arrested, and a few ludicrous affairs like the commitment of many party leaders and writers to the support of the Cominform thesis in the Slansky and the Jewish doctors' affairs—a thesis which was so blatantly disavowed, at least in the doctors' case, a few weeks later—would have had very bad effects on the electoral support of the party.

And yet the party polled more votes than ever in the great industrial towns, where the proportional voting system exists, and lost votes only in the country, and this was probably due to the fact that many of its supporters there were not workers. It is therefore clear that the largest and politically most energetic part of the working class is still as firm a supporter as ever of the Communist Party—at least as far as voting goes. How is it possible to reconcile this fact with the lack of fighting spirit shown by the Communist trade unionists—who are, by the way, much less numerous than the voters—and with the rumours of a crisis inside the party? The answer, I believe, is that most voters, at least in France, do not vote out of sheer enthusiasm but out of a determination to support the men who defend with the greatest efficiency their vital interests, even if many aspects of the policies of those elected are totally unsatisfactory to them.

What the communists do in connection with the Moscow trial, and even the break with an old militant like Marty, do not matter for the voter as long as the communist M.P.s, county councillors, and others fight for better wages, better living conditions, and so on. As far as these everyday necessities are concerned the communists have put up a stronger fight than any other party. It seems that people vote not 'for' but 'in spite of'. But things are different when, instead of a vote, a real class struggle like a great strike is concerned. Here workers will not fight if they have not total confidence in their leaders and if they do not agree totally with their policies, for the results of the decision are not to be measured by a few figures published in the papers but by days of hunger, lost jobs, and sometimes physical violence and prison.

Therefore it is quite true to say that while the Communist Party is as strong as ever, if not stronger as a parliamentary party, it is weaker than it has ever been as a revolutionary or even simply as a class-struggle party. This is not a result of the latest shake-up in Moscow, although this shake-up probably put the finishing touch on a great wave of bewilderment. For years the French party has been torn between the more moderate political leaders like Thorez, Duclos, Frachon (Thorez was the man who forced the communist militias of the Resistance to give back their arms in 1945, Duclos has the traditional spirit of the Parliamentarian, even if it is clothed in communist exuberance) and, on the other side, men like Marty and Tillon who were in favour of a 'tough' policy.

Both standpoints had their followers inside the party; Moscow used one side or the other according to its changes of policy, generally supporting rather more the Thorez line, except during a short period in 1947 (the so-called 'tough' Cominform period) where Moscow, under the influence of the extreme communist international wing led by Zhdanov and Tito, branded the 'westernised' communists of the Togliatti and Duclos type as 'softies', and organised under the leadership of Marty in France militarised strikes which caused havoc in the French working class, the scission of the trade unions, and a quick return to a wiser policy.

But even after that, although no other major revolutionary action was attempted, the 'left wing' continued to play on the morale of the party, asserting that the moderate line led nowhere, and was just discouraging the workers; which was true to a certain extent. But, of course, as many of us often pointed out to the communists, there is no real chance for a real communist policy in France unless the party severs to a large extent its links with Moscow, and thereby regains the confidence of the whole of the working class.

But until now, no major figure in the Communist Party has had the insight or the courage to go as far as Tito; it is also possible that the extreme evolution of the Yugoslav communist party, going today as far as advocating the rearmament of reactionary western Germany, has discouraged many communists, who wished for more independent policies *vis à vis* Moscow. So the party line continued to wobble between 1948 and 1952, mainly under the influence of the moderate leaders, but with sudden bursts of temper when the left wing got a temporary advantage. This became blatant after Thorez was taken to Moscow to try a Russian cure: the 'line' became an actual zigzag, Duclos appealing to the 'other left parties', meaning mainly the Socialist Party, for a common front, while Billoux, just back from Moscow took an exactly opposite attitude and laid plans for a quite different 'national front', actually a front to be theoretically created with the support of the members of the Socialist Party but without taking any account of their leaders; this was again the old idea of cutting the masses from their original leadership which has created endless difficulties and hatred between communists and other parties.

The Ridgway affair (2,000 communists organising a parade against the 'bacterial general') seems to have been a consequence last summer of this new 'tough' about-face. Then, the Slansky trial, and the Jewish doctors' affair, followed in the communist press by distinctly anti-semitic cartoons, caused a great deal of uneasiness among the more clear-thinking communist militants. At the same time many who disagreed with the craziness of the Marty-Tillon revolutionary line were shocked to see those old courageous militants thrown out in the most brutal way, Marty suddenly accused of 'faults' which were actually twenty years old and which every old-time communist had known about all along.

At the end of 1952 and the beginning of this year many of us, who have the opportunity to meet either the rank and file or some less important leaders of the Communist Party, felt there was an intense weariness and that none of them knew exactly where the party was heading. Maybe the party did not know itself. Cautious observers had noticed the change in the tone of the Soviet press after Stalin's death. In the *Observateur*, answering the insults of a communist doctor against the Jewish Moscow doctors, I told the French communists to be more cautious lest they should be taken aback by a new Russian line. Four days later the Jewish doctors were proclaimed innocent, their accusers accused, and the French communist press entirely taken aback.

A few days later, Thorez was sent back to France from the U.S.S.R.; the communist press was the last to be informed. One has the impression that the French Communist Party is being left more or less to itself, and to devise its own policies, and that the Russians do not care a whit about what becomes of it. It remains to be seen whether, in these circumstances, there will be a large enough number of clear-sighted leaders in the party to understand that the new Russian line in world affairs calls for a much more independent policy towards Moscow of the western Communist Parties; Russia will need their help less, and actually seems to despise it. At the same time, if there is a world settlement it would be impossible for a Moscow-ruled party to be even timidly socialist, without calling forth scandalised cries about Russian 'double-dealing'.

Powerful Socialists

At the same time, the gains of the Socialist Party, although more a middle-class and white-collar workers' party than a proletarian party, is still a powerful element of the French left wing, and the communists have not the slightest chance to capture its troops for their own purposes. This should normally point towards a gradually more subtle and more independent policy from Moscow, which could lead towards some genuine understanding, however limited, with the rest of the French left and primarily the French socialists, and so enable France to reverse the downward trend of its internal, colonial, and international policies. This, however, calls for an intelligence and 'a feet on the groundness' on the part of French communist leaders which they have lacked up to now.—*Third Programme*

Newman Neame has recently published *Air Guide to Europe*, edited by Lionel Birch, price 5s. This gives concisely and entertainingly just the sort of information every traveller will want about climate, currency, Customs, hotels, things to do and see, and the prices one may expect to pay. It is illustrated with drawings and photographs and there are useful maps of some of the principal cities.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Is the News Sacred?

TO many British students of the American scene the citizens of the United States appear as a paradoxical mixture of hard-headedness and idealism, of tough business methods and an often almost sentimental approach to public questions. Thus it is not a matter for surprise that a nation whose newspapermen are extremely 'hard boiled' and which possesses a notorious 'yellow Press' should support an International Press Institute with such aims as 'free access of news' and a higher standard of reporting. Maybe this is not so paradoxical after all, for as religion thrives on a consciousness of sin, so no doubt do the advocates of a purer Press flourish upon a realisation of their own impurities.

The Institute (whose activities and proposals were described in a broadcast talk by Mr. E. J. B. Rose which we publish this week) originated in the United States and has just been holding its second general assembly in London. The chairman of its executive board, Mr. Lester Markel of *The New York Times*, told the Assembly that he felt the nations of the world were not getting an accurate picture of one another's problems. In fact an elaborate investigation set up by the Institute has indicated that this was the case. But within the free world (one is not thinking here of the totalitarian Press) might it not be argued that the Americans are among the worst offenders? The sensational, the exciting, the personal story are what their reporters are asked to provide. Indeed the foreign correspondent is usually the last person who can be blamed for a newspaper's shortcomings. He sends his newspaper the kind of stories it wants and if he provides any others they are likely to be thrust out by the foreign news editor or copy taster.

Of course all this anxiety about the free flow of news is no novelty in this country, whatever may have been felt in the United States. C. P. Scott's famous saying about 'the news' being 'sacred' has been accepted by all serious journalists here for many years. But they would frankly admit that it is much easier for newspapers like *The Manchester Guardian* or *The New York Times* which do not aim at mass circulations to give a full and fair appraisal of foreign affairs than for a popular Press to do so. That has been increasingly the position since newspapers became big business. It was said of an American business man who engaged in the acquisition of newspapers that 'he and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an eight per cent. security'. Today no daily paper could be started in London or New York on a capital of less than a million pounds. And it is in a large measure this 'big business' mentality in the newspaper world both in this country and the United States that has given rise to dissatisfaction with the Press and within the Press itself. A distinguished American editor has said: 'If we should make our readers turn away from us in disgust and disillusionment, we should lose our press freedom one day. We should deserve to lose it'.* That is why the aims of the International Press Institute will be widely welcomed.

* Quoted by David White in an article on 'Objectivity in a Free Press' in *Confluence*, vol. 2, No. 1, an international magazine published by Harvard University at one dollar

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Sir Winston Churchill's speech

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S speech gave rise to world-wide comment. Broadly speaking, the reaction in western Europe was one of general approval. In the U.S.A. reaction varied from lukewarm approval to heated criticism. In Russia the speech was reported at length, comment so far concentrating on Anglo-American differences. In Egypt and elsewhere in the Arab world Mr. Churchill's remarks on Egypt gave rise to extreme hostility and abuse.

As is often the case, the first comment from the Soviet world came from Vienna radio's 'Russian Hour' programme, in which the speech was described as 'the first open revolt of the U.S. ally'. Unlike the Americans, said the broadcast, Sir Winston considered it a mistake to make a conference of the Great Powers dependent on too many preliminary conditions. The broadcast went on:

Bearing in mind that Churchill has been fighting the Soviet Union for many years now and that he is anything but a friend of Communism, the fact that he advocates discussions with the Soviet Union and recognises that country's will for peace, shows that the Soviet moves have so impressed the British people that he could not ignore them. By admitting that the Soviet Union has created conditions for ending the cold war, Churchill has passed a devastating verdict on American policy. Now every thinking person must see that Washington is the home of those who are trying at all costs to accentuate international tension because they fear peace and want to expand their armament profits.

The same radio made great play of Mr. Attlee's critical references to America. A Tass transmission commented that the debate had demonstrated 'the evergrowing dissatisfaction of members with various aspects of U.S. policy'. Broadcasts from eastern Germany quoted headlines from Berlin papers such as: 'Churchill favours Great Power Conference'; 'Britain welcomes Soviet Initiative: Washington reacts very frigidly'.

The general reaction of responsible papers quoted from the U.S.A. was that though a conference was ultimately desirable, it should not be held until preliminary agreement had been reached on such issues as Korea and Austria. *The New York Times* commented: 'that anyone of Sir Winston's experience should be even cautiously optimistic is impressive', and in a later comment stated:

There is reason to assume that despite Sir Winston's ambiguity, conditioned by Britain's domestic mood, there is no real difference between him and the President on the method of procedure. Certainly he must recognise that before the Western Powers can go into conference with the Soviets they will have to agree on a concrete peace programme of their own, lest they expose themselves as targets for Moscow's defensive tactics.

The New York Herald Tribune stressed that despite the temptation to emphasise Anglo-U.S. differences in foreign policy, there was agreement on fundamentals. *The New York Times* was strongly critical of Mr. Attlee's speech. It regarded his remarks about the American Constitution as being 'framed for an isolationist state', and went on:

It is a queer kind of isolationism that sponsored the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact, that has spent billions of dollars to put other countries on their feet, and that bears the brunt of the U.N. battle against aggression in Korea.

From France a number of newspapers were quoted for the demand that France be included in any meeting of the Big Powers. Italian and west German papers were among those expressing anxiety about Anglo-American differences. From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted for the view that the differences between the British and American view may be one of emphasis, but 'there is certainly no difference over the principle of resisting aggression'.

Egyptian reaction to Sir Winston's references to Egypt was bitterly hostile. Cairo radio, quoting *Al Zaman* as also bitterly resenting Mr. Dulles' 'open avowal of his country's complete support for the British standpoint', stated:

We are fighting a battle against imperialism in any form and in any place... Let us realise that the tree of freedom can only be watered by blood.

Al Misri was quoted for the accusation that England's civilisation rested on murder and bloodshed and that every Egyptian's soul was filled with malice and hatred towards England. A military spokesman speaking over Cairo radio said that the Egyptians desired 'to live in freedom or die in God's cause'.

Did You Hear That?

BLOSSOM TIME IN KENT

BERNARD FORBES, a B.B.C. reporter, has just paid a visit to the orchards of Kent where the fruit trees are now in full blossom, and described what he saw in 'The Eye-Witness'. 'It is the delicate pastel shades of a thousand orchards which are the main colour theme in the Medway Valley now. There is the cream and plastic white and transparent white of the sweet cherries against a pink and vivid background of ornamental varieties. Then also the cherry tree's closest rival at this time of the year—the apple blossom—rose pink, light pink, red, deep red, and white—a glorious assembly particularly in the bigger orchards. Pears, damsons and plums—all at this moment developing their most attractive displays, some white, some a rich Devonshire cream.

'This is cherry country, the growers told me. In the Medway Valley and throughout east Kent the soil is right and the climate is right, and it is a well-known fact that one-third of all our sweet cherries are grown in Kent. They were first introduced there over three hundred years ago by an enthusiastic gardener. According to local historians King Henry VIII's fruiterer saw some cherry trees growing in Flanders and brought a number of them to east Kent. He was also apparently a shrewd man, for in the days when heads were flying, he knew exactly what would grow on English soil. His cherry trees were so successful, in fact, that the King granted him a Royal Charter to establish the first cherry orchard in England.

'And cherry trees have flourished there ever since. I saw nearly three hundred different varieties there. They had come from all parts of the world, including, of course, Japan, the land of cherry blossom. In the Kent orchards you do not have the colourful ceremonies and torchlight displays as they do beneath the cherry trees in Japan, but, come picking time, there is colour and fun of another kind, and children's faces black with cherry juice'.

THE MINNOW AND THE WATERVOLE

'While fishing the other day', said HAL JUKES, in 'The Northcountryman', 'I had put an artificial minnow on my hook, and while I was quietly moving upstream I happened to spot a fuzzy watervole pottering about. Apparently he was quite unaware of my near approach, for he just carried on with his foraging; though it could hardly have been for more food, for he was as round and plump as a little barrel. I just stood there watching him for a bit. I could see his little black eyes twinkling and his nostrils working every time he happened to sniff something a bit more interesting than usual. I thought I would have a little fun with him, so very gently I pushed my rod out to full length and dangled my minnow an inch or two above his nose.

'For quite a while he did not take any notice at all, although I knew he must have seen it all right. And then, suddenly, as though he had grown a bit impatient at the persistence of this hovering, insect-like nuisance, he reared up on his back legs and struck out at it. Luckily

I was quick enough myself: I jerked the minnow up an inch or two, out of his reach, and then, when he had dropped back on to all fours, I lowered it again; wagging it about just in front of him in about the same position as it was in before. He struck at it again, and then two or three more times in quick succession; obviously growing more and more impatient with every swipe. And then, all at once, he seemed to

lose his temper altogether. He dashed to and fro after that minnow like one possessed, making frantic little leaps into the air every time it swung past him. He looked really mad, as if he had made up his mind to put an end to this silly nonsense once and for all. Twice he overbalanced and toppled over on to his back, and this, of course, increased his annoyance even more. I do not know what he would not have done to that minnow, if he had got hold of it! However, in the end he tired himself out—or possibly he became merely bored. Anyhow, he stopped trying. He took no notice of the minnow at all—just sat there on a flat bit of rock recovering his wind.

'Then, after a minute or two, what must the funny little chap do but cross unsuspectingly over towards me, climb up on to the top of my fishing brogue—a nice smooth surface for the job, no doubt—and calmly start to wash himself. He looked simply delightful, sitting there, rubbing his furry little face with each paw in turn. I think he had forgotten all about the minnow by now, although it was still hanging there, only two or three yards away and well within view. But it is one job at a time apparently with watervoles. He concentrated on his washing. I watched him a

minute or two and then just gently wriggled my toes inside the leather. That did it! His response was immediate—he was over that bit of bank and into the water like a flash'.

IN DEFENCE OF SPIDERS

'I am rather fond of spiders', said JOHN HILLABY in 'Woman's Hour', 'though I am bound to admit that many people—and many famous people, too—have been terrified by them. There was Cardinal Wolsey who was chased out of Hampton Court by the spider which still bears the name of the Cardinal. There was the great Gustavus Adolphus, and, of course, little Miss Muffet: all scared and all, I think, without good cause. Spiders are useful creatures: they are great fly killers. They may have eight legs and eight eyes, they may make messy little webs behind pictures and books, but they eat the most dangerous kinds of insects, and I think we should try to treat them with all the respect we can. There are more than 500 different kinds of spiders in this country though most people, I suppose, would say there are only about four or five.

'They could no doubt name money spiders and the creatures which spin large and beautiful webs in the garden. And lastly most people know—and are probably frightened by—at least one of a family of three house spiders which are all large and leggy and brown and very fast runners. They have rather musical names. The biggest of the bunch



Kentish apple orchard: a photograph taken last week

J. Allan Cash

is called *Tegenaria parietina* and his legs are about five inches long. This was the spider which was supposed to have frightened Cardinal Wolsey. And then there is his half cousin *Tegenaria atrica* which has a habit of suddenly scuttling across the floor at night. It is large enough to look like a mouse, and it may be a little frightening if you do not know what it is. But, as I have said, it feeds on flies and it most certainly will not do you any harm.

'The last member of the *Tegenaria* group is *domestica* which is one of the commonest spiders in the world, and the one most likely to take up temporary residence in your sink at night. You will notice that many of them do not seem to be able to get out of the sink without a helping hand, and I suggest the very least you can do is to push a bit of cardboard under them, or spoon them out with a rolled-up newspaper. Push them outside the kitchen door if you do not know what to do with them. It does not matter: if it is a cold day they will come back, anyway'.

THE MERMAID'S CURSE ON DOOM BAR

'I was born in the ancient port of Padstow', said CLAUDE BERRY in a West of England Home Service talk, 'about midway along the North Cornwall coast, and on one of the loveliest and most exciting estuaries in the kingdom.

'That is the estuary of the Camel, the only Cornish river of any note that flows north to the sea. The name of the river comes from two ancient Cornish words: *cam heyle*, the crooked estuary. It is an apt description; though it gives no notion of the estuary's spaciousness; it does not even hint at one thing that makes the estuary so delightful and dangerous—the sand. From the train—which runs for three or four miles almost on the edge of the low cliffs to the south of the estuary—you have the illusion of looking out upon a great lake, all blue and silver and serene, or windswept and winter-grey. That is at high tide. At low tide you look out upon a huge sand-gold expanse—hundreds of acres, millions of tons of sand. Truly the curse of the dying mermaid has fallen heavily upon Padstow Harbour.

'Somewhere along this estuary centuries ago a fisherman came upon a mermaid basking on the rocks. He was cruel or crazy, or both, for he let loose a shaft from his longbow, and the pretty creature was mortally hit. She cursed her killer and—what was worse—cursed the harbour. Thenceforth, she declared, it should be choked by sand. And even as she spoke the golden grains began drifting in from the Atlantic. In time they had piled up for a mile or more right across the harbour entrance, between those two grand headlands, Stepper and Pentire. And so the Doom Bar was formed. I should say that more ships have been broken to pieces and then swallowed up by this bar than by sand anywhere else in the country—except for the Goodwins. In

my childhood two Padstow life-boats and a fishing-smack were lost here in a single night. A few years later I saw—within half-an-hour—a brigantine and a schooner wrecked on the Doom Bar. In the century and a quarter since the Padstow life-boat station was founded, the life-boats—there are always two ready for service near the harbour mouth—have saved six or seven hundred lives, many of them from the waste of broken water on the Doom Bar.

'The sand has not yet risen to clifftop level along the western shore, where Padstow snuggles in a deep hollow half-encircled by trees. But on the eastern shore the sand has buried the cliffs for long stretches and piled up into rolling, enchanting dunes, with their yellow stoncrop and their tall tufts of marram grass.

Among the dunes is a golf course and in the middle of it, sheltered from the gales by tamarisk-topped walls, is one of the tiniest churches I know. It is the church of St. Enodoc, and for many a long year only its roof and twisted spire were visible above the engulfing sand. The priest and his people entered the church by a ladder from the roof. My grandfather and grandmother were the first couple married at St. Enodoc after the sand had been cleared away. There is one bell in the little steeple—the ships' bell of an Italian vessel that was wrecked on the Greenway Rocks, about half a mile away.

'That is another sinister spot—the Greenways. The nearby Trebetherick life-saving apparatus crew once fired a line to the distressed ship out in the raging darkness. Soon the breeches buoy followed. (It is in this sling affair that one by one seamen can be hauled from a wreck to safety.) Imagine the surprise of the life-saving men, then, when they hauled back the breeches buoy the first time. For in it, snorting and squealing, was—the ship's pig.

'It was on this eastern shore of the estuary that St. Petroc landed 1,400 years ago. He was the chief of the band of Celtic saints who came to Cornwall. It was he who gave Padstow its name, which is a corruption of Petrockstow'.

A MEDIEVAL FEAST

When the Essex Archaeological Society celebrated its 100th birthday earlier this month, at the Moot Hall at Colchester, the occasion was marked, not with a formal dinner, but with a full-scale medieval feast. SYLVIA GRAY described the occasion for 'Radio Newsreel'. 'What a feast it was, with roast peacock, cherry coffins, Malmsey wine, and Cornish mead—and that only a sample of the menu! Everyone who was invited had been asked to wear medieval dress and bring jack knives for cutting up their food, and every one of the 200 guests joined in the spirit of the feast and dressed for the occasion. There were gentlewomen in sugar-cone hats of all colours, and wimples, and one with a black headdress with two-foot horns extending on either side. There were knights in chain mail, heralds, crusaders, monks, and jesters.

'Three chefs had spent two days preparing the food. Some of the dishes they knew from experience, but for other things they were given the original medieval recipes. And some of the little cakes served at the end came from cookery books in the British Museum. The menu itself read like this: pottage, peacock, boar's head, game pie, ham, salads, manchets, cream of almonds, custard coffins (they are rather like little custard tarts), cherry coffins, spiced bread, subtleties, and diverse fruits. It was all eaten with fingers and washed down with mead, Malmsey wine, and ale. The society advertised in a newspaper agony column for peacocks nearly a year ago, but where they got the

birds in the end was kept secret. Everyone tried the peacock though, and in my opinion it tasted very pleasant, rather like turkey.

'As we ate, medieval music was sung by the Oriana Singers in suitable dress. Much of the conversation, I found, was about the work of the society; and the friar, the monk, and the country yokel with whom I ate seemed to agree that this part of eastern England is, in fact, one of the richest in the country for archaeologists. The monk, who is, in fact, a local doctor, told me that only recently he saw a man digging foundations for a garden shed. He went over and grubbed round, and in just that small piece of land he found several fine pieces of Roman pottery, some Venetian glass, and a Henry VIII penny'.



Padstow Harbour, Cornwall

The Flow of the News

By E. J. B. ROSE

IN the palmy days of the last century foreign news used to be described in some newspapers as intelligence. 'Intelligence has been received from Constantinople that the Sultan . . .' and so on. This intelligence was written for and read by the few. It came rather slowly, it ran into many closely printed columns, and there were, of course, no such things as headlines. That was before the days of mass education, of mass circulations of newspapers and of telephones and radio. It was in the days when policy-making was confined to a few people in a few European capitals. Nowadays, what happens anywhere will be reported within a matter of hours, and mass opinion has a great influence on governments. There is an enormous organisation for collecting news all over the world. The great news agencies have correspondents in every country and an elaborate network of communications. Almost every newspaper in the world subscribes to one or more of these agencies and many have extremely able correspondents of their own. Yet today, foreign news occupies comparatively little space in most of the world's newspapers and still less space in men's minds. It would be folly to call it intelligence any longer, for to most people it is barely intelligible.

So Much Reported—So Little Explained

The reason for this is that people are stunned by the complexity of the modern world; so much is reported and so little is ever explained. In the end they turn away from it in despair—they may perhaps read the headlines—and then pass on to what they can understand, news of their own country and news of sport. But they are aware that what happens at the ends of the earth really matters to them. Young men from their village fight and perhaps die in Korea, and they need to know why. They will listen avidly to anyone who has come back from foreign parts, but they will not read foreign news.

This is a matter of concern to anyone interested in improving relations between countries but it particularly concerns newspapermen. Exactly a year ago the International Press Institute held its first General Assembly in Paris—and there 100 editors of the world's leading newspapers decided to set up an enquiry into the flow of the news between countries. Last week, the Second Assembly of the I.P.I. opened in London. This institute is an association of editors of newspapers throughout the free world and its aim is to further and safeguard the freedom of the press and to promote the free exchange of accurate and balanced news. In the enquiry started last year we undertook to examine the sources of the news, how much there is from different countries; the nature of this news (that is—politics, economics, culture, crime, sport and so on); and how comprehensive and accurate it is. Then we wanted to see what happens to the news in the newspapers: how much the papers use, how they treat it, what is the proportion of foreign news to home news, and what is the picture of one country in the press of another.

The study has been confined to three main areas: the flow of news into and out of the United States, the flow between Germany and western Europe (including the United Kingdom) and the flow between India and the west. For one month, 177 newspapers were examined and also the reports of all the news agencies. Hundreds of editors were consulted in all the countries concerned. This is the press looking at the press.

I should like to tell you about some of the things that have come out of this survey, though I must emphasise that we are only three-quarters of the way through it and our findings are by no means complete. The press in Europe and India has, as you know, been short of newsprint since 1940, although matters have somewhat improved in the past few months. With small newspapers the foreign news gets cut to ribbons and may appear as small paragraphs—so small in fact that no one who is not an expert could guess the significance of it. There is not enough background or interpretation of the event. The elections in the Saar at the end of last year were a case in point. These elections were of direct importance for France and Germany, and indirectly for the cause of European unity. The result would show whether the

Saarlanders expressed a preference for their present relationship with France or for a return to Germany. There was no question of the Saar actually being returned to Germany, but the size of the vote for France would be a measure of the Saarlanders' true feelings. All this required explanation before the elections and again immediately afterwards. But very few papers outside France and Germany carried any news of the elections until they were over, and then only the results with a very bare commentary. Some papers never mentioned the elections at all.

This matter of giving background and interpretation of the news is considered very important by many editors. I should like to illustrate it in this way: when people, for one reason or another, have missed the first day of a news story and only come upon it on the second or third day, they are very inclined to turn away from it because they have missed the beginning. Yet too often the first day of such a story is treated as if it *were* the second or third day: I mean, no background is given against which the reader could understand the significance of the story; no explanation of the bare facts is presented to him. This makes foreign news very hard to understand. In other words, foreign news is almost a foreign language and readers need an interpreter. It is not enough to learn that something has happened, they need also to know why it has happened. A rather extraordinary thing we have found about foreign news stories is that they so often begin on one day and are never heard of again. There may be a most alarming story about a sit-down strike in an armaments factory in a Nato country. It will be presented with glaring headlines. But does it continue? Is it settled? We are never told because the next day's news drives it out of the papers.

What is the picture which people in one country have of people in another? What do the readers in Minneapolis know about Britain, what do the citizens of Stuttgart learn about France, what sort of picture do the people of Bordeaux have of the United States? It is often supposed in America that the picture of the United States in Europe is wilfully distorted by emphasis on stories of sex, crime, Hollywood, and the Negro problem. In the four months in which we made our study I am glad to say that we did not find that this was the case. On the other hand, an American editor reviewing the picture in the British press thought that it was unduly negative, with too much emphasis on a spy trial and witch hunting and that if you had to rely on only one or two newspapers the picture would have been very blurred. Had an Englishman read only one of the papers, he would have had a pretty sorry perspective.

In the picture of India in the European press snakes and elephants loomed very large, and in the British press cricket, because Test Matches were being played. In the American press the news stories treated by the greatest number of papers were of personalities—Mr. Nehru's birthday, the death of the father of the King of Afghanistan—of disaster by storm and tidal-wave, and of the Indian position over the Korean truce plan.

Contrasting Pictures

I am not now talking about the leading papers but about the general run. (In America we examined 105 newspapers.) There was an extraordinary contrast between the picture of Germany and the picture of Italy. The picture of Germany was political to the exclusion of practically everything else, and reflected two conflicting attitudes towards that country. On the one hand, the Germans are making a positive contribution in the struggle to unite Europe, on the other hand there is an alarming outcrop of nationalism. These were the two dominant themes. By contrast the picture of Italy in the American press was almost entirely non-political. There might be practically no political life there at all for all that was reported. What does reach the reader is an extraordinary assortment of what are technically called 'human interest' stories, that is to say, strange stories about strange individuals or even about animals. For instance: a circus elephant died in Vicenza because it ate too much cabbage. A man who was seventy-five years old received a degree in pharmacy at the University of Ferrara. A man in

Treviso said he was robbed by a woman bandit who stole his wallet, kissed him firmly on the mouth, then pedalled off on his bicycle. These stories taken together of course present a picture which is trivial and by no means flattering.

What of the picture of Britain? On the whole, Britain got a good showing. This was the month of November 10—December 9. Planning for the Coronation, the Royal Family, and particularly Prince Charles were easy winners, followed by Mr. Churchill. The December fog was the story that appeared in more papers than any other. The reporting of important political news was extensive. But no Briton would, I suppose, be satisfied that the picture was complete or that British policies and problems were sufficiently understood. For instance, according to a British correspondent in Washington who reported to us, the picture he gets from the American press is of a country still attached to imperialist doctrines and slowly turning its back on a dangerous brand of socialism.

The average man is more interested in conflict than in settlement. During a murder trial everyone avidly reads the case for the prosecution and for the defence but far fewer read the judgment. The reports from foreign countries seem often to reflect this preoccupation with conflict and crisis. A German correspondent in Paris tells us that in the reporting of political events and day-to-day news from Germany, the French press on the whole magnifies everything that is negative, that is to say, anything which is derogatory to Germany, and ignores anything constructive. The same thing strikes a French correspondent in Bonn, who finds that the picture of France presented in the German press is one of a great power fallen from high estate, left behind by history and clinging to its past.

One of the valuable things that may emerge from the enquiry is just this, that the very people who purvey the news, the correspondents and their editors, may all be heard to say that they are not satisfied with the way their country is reported abroad.—*Home Service*

The Value of the International Court

By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW

THE International Court of Justice has been in existence for not quite seven years and in operation for rather more than five. It has given about half a dozen judgments and about as many advisory opinions. In four contentious cases its jurisdiction was disputed; in one its decision was repudiated by the unsuccessful party. Two of its advisory opinions were wholly or partly ignored by the governments immediately concerned, and its competence was questioned more than once when its advisory opinions were requested. Such a state of things naturally has raised doubts as to the Court's value. How far does its jurisprudence justify these doubts? Not at all.

Let me explain. It is obvious that an international court suffers inhibitions which are unknown to municipal systems, precisely because it is called to decide issues between sovereign states. The sovereignty which constitutes the strength of a national system limits the scope and effectiveness of an international court. It is not in terms of executive power, but more strictly in terms of international jurisprudence and on the quality of its decisions and advices that the Court must be judged. The relevant question is not whether sovereign states accept its decisions, but whether the principles and procedure of the Court in reaching them constitute a real system of international justice. For if they do, if the Court is really administering law and not merely implementing policies, then the fact that international jurisdiction is still rudimentary, still subject to international bad manners, is so much the better ground for hope, since it means that without threats of force sovereign states possess and are prepared, even reluctantly, to resort to international jurisdiction. We cannot blame the child for not being a man, and his childhood is the promise of growth.

The advisory opinions of the Court have been quite as important as its judgments in contentious cases. Opinions such as those concerning 'Admission to Membership in the United Nations', 'the International Status of South-West Africa', and 'Reservations to the Genocide Convention' are of the utmost importance, both to the law and to the prestige of the United Nations. In nearly every case, moreover, dissenting opinions of great learning have been appended to the judgments of the Court, and as contributions to international law such dissenting opinions are of the greatest value.

The Court regards state sovereignty as one of the cornerstones of international law. Let me take some instances. First, the 'Interpretation of Peace Treaties': Some of the parties had failed to appoint their respective representatives to a Treaty Commission within the specified time. Was the Secretary-General of the United Nations entitled, in spite of this fact, to appoint the third member of the Treaty Commission as the treaties provided? The Court said 'No'. But Judge Read and Judge Azevedo dissented. They held that, regardless of sovereignty, a treaty should be interpreted so as to render its provisions truly effective. The Court was fully aware that the countries concerned had failed to fulfil their treaty obligations, but it held that to constitute the commission in a manner not contemplated by the parties at the time

when the treaties were concluded would overrule their express wishes and violate their sovereignty. The Court had to choose between this violation of sovereignty and the violation of solemn undertakings. It decided in favour of sovereignty.

Second, the 'Asylum Case'. This was between Colombia and Peru, concerning Señor Haya de la Torre who had sought asylum in the Colombian Embassy at Lima. Was Colombia entitled to qualify the alleged offence of Señor Haya de la Torre as a political offence, without the consent of Peru? Such unilateral declaration by Colombia would have derogated from the sovereign rights of Peru, the state in which the offence was alleged to have been committed. Mutual agreement was, therefore, held by the Court to be necessary. The parties failed to agree. The Court nevertheless insisted on the sovereign rights of Peru. The deadlock was the more insoluble because the Court found that Peru was not bound to grant a safe-conduct to Haya de la Torre to leave the Colombian Embassy. The Court was then asked how this judgment could be carried out. In the second judgment it held that, though asylum had become unlawful, Peru was not entitled to demand surrender. The two judgments meant, in effect, that Haya de la Torre could not leave his refuge in the Colombian Embassy without risking his personal safety, and they were severely criticised on this ground. But, in fact, the blame attached entirely to the parties in framing the pleadings as they did. The Court could not go beyond the issues submitted to it, and the parties would have done better to confer jurisdiction on the Court to decide the issues between them '*ex aequo et bono*'.

But they did not; and the Court has always strictly adhered to the principle that no questions but those actually submitted for determination can form the basis of a decision. It does not comment on any questions except those immediately before it. It passes no judgment, even *obiter*, on matters affecting states that are not parties to the proceedings. This austere self-denial came out in the 'Corfu Channel Case'. This was brought by the United Kingdom against Albania after an explosion of mines in the Corfu Channel which caused the loss of many lives and severe damage to two British warships. The Corfu Channel is an international strait, and in time of peace states are entitled by custom to send their warships through such international straits without seeking the prior consent of the coastal state. In this case the Court found that the Corfu Channel is an international strait, but refrained from pronouncing on the right or otherwise of sending warships through territorial waters which do not form part of an international strait—since this was not the question it was asked to determine—and it refused to say whether Yugoslavia had taken any part in laying mines in the Corfu Channel, since Yugoslavia was not a party to the proceedings.

In subsequent proceedings the question raised by Britain was whether British warships, without the prior consent of Albania, could enter Albanian territorial waters and carry out a mine-sweeping operation in order to secure evidence against Albania with a view to claiming damages for the losses suffered. This, the British warships had done.

The Court unanimously and roundly rejected the British contention. It declared that 'the Court can only regard the alleged right of intervention as the manifestation of a policy of force such as has in the past given rise to most serious abuses, and such as cannot, whatever be the present defects in international organisation, find a place in international law'. This statement of Albania's sovereign rights was preceded by an equally clear declaration of Albania's sovereign responsibilities. She was internationally responsible and was under a duty to pay compensation because she knew that the minefield existed in her territorial waters and failed to notify other states. At the same time the Court laid it down that where parties submit a dispute to the Court by a special agreement which asks the Court to decide whether there is any duty to pay compensation, such a request empowers the Court to fix the amount of compensation due. A dispute, wherever possible, should be finally determined and not left in partial abeyance.

My examples thus far have been what I might call straightforward instances of dispute between sovereign states as such. The case is not so clear when the question involves facts that are not purely or merely inter-state, for instance, the assassination of Count Bernadotte while he was performing duties in the service of the United Nations Organisation. In this 'Reparation for Injuries Case' the Court was unanimous and no doubt reached the only possible solution. It admitted the right of Uno to bring an international claim for reparation of damage against a non-member state. In giving its reasons, however, the Court relied largely on the duties imposed by the Charter on member states. Are the duties of non-members the same as the duties of members? And can they be so judged without encroaching on the sovereignty of the non-member?

A quite different modification of the sovereignty principle appears in the 'Anglo-Norwegian Fisheries Case'. A Norwegian decree of July 12, 1935, had delimited the fisheries zone. The question was whether this decree was in accordance with international law. The issue was concerned with a novel method of drawing base lines from which to measure a fisheries zone four miles wide. It was treated by the Court as an issue concerning the limit of the territorial sea to which Norway was entitled. The majority decision went in Norway's favour. It was based partly on considerations of economic and social needs. This was new: such needs had never previously been accepted as permissible rules of interpretation. The decision was strictly limited to Norway's specific claim. Nevertheless, it constitutes a precedent, and it may be a dangerous or it may be a fruitful precedent, encouraging the belief that economic considerations may play part in delimiting the area of the territorial sea.

These peripheral and exceptional cases reveal one of the difficulties inherent in the Court's place and function. The real questions at issue are not only questions between sovereign entities disputing. One raises, among other issues, the question of internal economic needs, the other of internal disorder involving murder of an international representative in a non-member state.

When the situation is governed by the Charter or by treaty and can therefore be reduced to contractual terms, the Court has a clear jurisdiction and, since all the relevant facts are available, it can validly decide whether charter or treaty does apply. Hence the question of the Court's competence, which, as I have said, is constantly disputed, is one of the most significant which it has to determine. For instance, its advisory opinion was asked on the 'Admission of States to Membership in the United Nations'. The Soviet Union was prepared, on that occasion, to admit certain countries to membership only on condition that certain other countries were simultaneously admitted. This was undoubtedly a political question. It was not, on the face of it, a question of law, and on this ground the Court's jurisdiction was objected to. The Court held that it was a question

of law because it related to the interpretation of the Charter.

Again, in the 'Ambatielos Case' between Greece and the United Kingdom, which arose primarily out of a complaint by M. Ambatielos that justice had been denied to him in the courts of this country, objection was raised to the jurisdiction of the Court by the United Kingdom. The objection was overruled on the ground that a declaration accompanying a treaty may form part of that treaty even though this is not expressly stated. The acceptance of the clauses contained in that declaration was held to enable the Court to say that it could decide whether the dispute should be referred to arbitration. The Court's function seems, clearly, to be to accept jurisdiction where in fact an agreement exists and to determine what the agreement is.

In the 'Morocco Case' between France and the United States the Court was able to lay down certain important principles on the operation of the most-favoured-nation clause. It rejected the American claim that benefits enjoyed under a most-favoured-nation clause can continue to be enjoyed in perpetuity, after the treaties have been abrogated by which the benefits were conferred. It also rejected an argument that

such a clause when contained in a treaty with a Moslem state must be given a different interpretation from a similar clause contained in a treaty with a Christian state.

Perhaps the most interesting and in some ways the least satisfactory case is that of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. For here, Iran successfully raised a preliminary objection to the Court's jurisdiction, and hence the Court was prevented from deciding the basic issues between the parties. An Iranian declaration of September 19, 1932, had accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court, but it was held that this declaration was not retrospective. It applied only to treaties concluded by Iran after September 19, 1932, and further—and this is legally more interesting—it was held that the Concession Agreement concluded in 1933 between Iran and the Company was not a

treaty, and that the fact that it had been concluded through the good offices of the League of Nations did not make it a treaty. The United Kingdom contended that though Iran objected to the Court's jurisdiction, she had submitted certain matters which went to the merits of the case, and had thereby cancelled her objection to the Court's jurisdiction. The Court rejected this ingenious and belated plea of *forum prorogatum* in view of Iran's previously expressed refusal to submit to the jurisdiction.

In sum, it seems clear that international jurisprudence rests upon agreement between nations, and that the International Court of Justice regards itself primarily as a tribunal for interpreting such agreement. Professor Kelsen has suggested that, where the Court's advisory function is concerned, the distinction between legal and political questions should be abolished and the Court empowered to deal with both. That might result in the Court's imposing agreements as well as interpreting agreements already concluded. The Court does not favour any such innovation. It administers and interprets, it does not initiate, international instruments, and, as the late Judge Azevedo said in a somewhat different context in a separate opinion on the 'Interpretation of Peace Treaties with Bulgaria, Hungary, and Roumania', 'a wall must be built between the Court's contentious and advisory functions'. The Court is not likely to favour so-called advisory arbitrations and to accept jurisdiction, without the consent of the states immediately affected, in contentious cases disguised as requests for advisory opinions. But the Court would probably always assume jurisdiction over matters arising out of the interpretation of the Charter.—*Third Programme*



The International Court at The Hague: Sir Arnold McNair (United Kingdom) is being installed as President

Readers of THE LISTENER will be interested to hear that Mr. Edwin Muir's *Collected Poems* and Mr. Reginald Pound's *Arnold Bennett* have been awarded the W. H. Heinemann Foundation for Literature Prizes for 1952. The awards were made by the Royal Society of Literature.

Landscape Without Figures

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

ONE sunny day last winter I was sitting on the sea-wall of Crotona looking across the blue of the Ionian sea at the lemon hills of Calabria. After a while I became aware that I was looking at those hills with pleasure—a new experience for me—and after another while of looking I knew why. I was looking at a landscape without figures. Always, before, the figures had got in the way. I had been too close-up. Those ragged peasants, those woe-begone villages, had shut out the splendour of the hills; or else their splendour had seemed fierce, or cruel, or pitiless by association. And this is a curious thing: that for about three generations we have despised the so-called pathetic fallacy that nature can have feelings, be cruel, or pitiless, or fierce: but whenever social conscience has flared up the pathetic fallacy has flared up, too, and I think rightly so. Nature becomes human again under the influence of pity. The revolutionary conscience always blends man and nature. Ruskin, who had very little human pity, created some fine landscapes, but they are always deliberately devoid of figures. Though the painters who gave us landscapes with figures, after the manner of Claude Lorraine, were even more heartless since they reduced human beings to graceful ornaments in the foreground. Edward Lear's pictures of Calabria are all like that: enchanting records of splendid scenery with woe-begone humanity used as picturesque decor.

Help for the Peasant

This sunny winter's day, however, it was not just that distance lent enchantment to the view by obliterating the human element. It was that my social conscience had been, if not removed, at least considerably calmed by what has been done for the Calabrian peasant during the past two years by the Italian Government, and by their partners in social reform, the American taxpayers.

That reform began, we will remember, in the autumn of 1949 when the peasants rose in revolt, seized land here and there, and were shot down by the police. Italy was awakened by the echoes of that rifle fire, the Italian Government rushed through its first reform schemes in 1950, and the whole story became what journalists call hot news. But, heartening as it had been to have seen these beginnings, as I happened to see them in 1950, it was still far too soon for misery to retire into the background: far too soon for Calabria to become just a wonderful landscape. If we can travel like happy tourists in southern Italy today it is only because, within these past two years and a bit, Land Reform is in a fair and clear way towards becoming a practical success.

Not that it is even yet safe to let all one's defences down. The traveller south of Naples in 1953 may throw away his scepticism but he will still do well to hold on to his sense of irony. We cannot help remembering the old journalistic motto that it is not news if a bridge stands up but that it is great news if a bridge falls down. A revolution, like that of 1949-50, was news. But who cares now that the revolution seems likely to be a success? I mean, what does this successful revolution look like? Scaffolding, concrete blocks, muddy roads are not dramatic; and that is what Calabria looks like under reform—comforting, but not colourful. Colourful? It will take years before this wild beast of a country can be turned into an even moderately domesticated animal by its new owners; and it will take several generations before it becomes urbane, with vineyards, olive farms, fruit farms; sheltering trees, spearing cypresses, old farmhouses, trellised terraces, bricked pathways, taverns by the roadside, all those normal, simple amenities which we take for granted in the north. In 1950 Calabria was crawling with pressmen taking dramatic pictures of peasants embracing one another, or little girls in pink bows handing out land-allotments to characters out of 'Cavalleria Rusticana'. It will be a long time again before we hasten to Calabria in search of dramatic photographs.

Fifty years ago any traveller would have whipped out his sketch-book at the sight of one of those romantic hilltop villages which look so wonderful on a travel-poster and are totally unfit for human beings to live in. Now he would not look twice at the new little houses that are being built on the plains or on the Great Sila—and yet for a Calabrian

and his wife to possess one of these houses is like entering an anteroom of Paradise. They are like lone pill-boxes on those bare uplands, unfurnished as yet by as much as a single bush, drained of colour by the sun, strictly practical jobs—four white cement walls, three rooms and offices, two open out-houses attached; and all about each pill-box the usual desert of leonine clay in lumps as big as buckets. These useful houses would have given Edward Lear the horrors. Our great-aunts painting Roman aqueducts in the Campagna would scarcely have thought them interesting subjects. The fact seems to be that one can kill conscience only by first killing the picturesque.

Look at those new aqueducts that are beginning to creep through the Calabrian hills; some 200 miles of them, estimated to cost about £3,500,000 and to take several years to finish. I saw one nearing completion: the line from the Tacino river to Crotona, a distance of thirty-seven miles. Not only will nobody ever want to paint it—or at least nobody with a romantic eye—but after one look at it I cannot imagine how anybody could ever again see anything in the least picturesque about those long festoons of ancient arches strung against the Roman sky. We will look at them coldly, as we might look at the water-tap in the kitchen: mere usufructs; not grand, merely necessary. Certainly no Calabrian peasant will see anything dramatic about these creeping things in concrete—some of which are bare pipes laid end to end like a gas-main overground. All they mean to him is that in future he will not have to travel a mile on mule-back for his drinking water—filter beds will purify the water on its way to him—and that he can now irrigate the thirsty dust which is his land.

Of course—which is to say as a matter of course—one will still meet plenty of Italians to assure one that Calabria will become dramatic news again: when all these vast schemes that have gone up with a bang come down like a stick. (That is, the bridge that becomes news when it falls down.) But nobody should pay too much attention to Italian cynicism. All Italians are schizophrenic: like the Irish they believe and disbelieve between two breaths. I remember a young man I met by chance one evening in Catanzaro when I was looking for somebody who would guide me up into the hills the following morning. He was black-bearded, he looked like an artist and he was an out-of-work clerk. We dined and drank—too well—and whereas he had begun by extolling the work that was being done for Land Reform, as the night wore on and the drink went to his head he began to draw strange satirical cryptograms about it on the paper tablecloth, with much nudging and conspiratorial winking. One thing he drew for me was an antediluvian monster, like a crocodile, beside which, he wrote this proverb: *Il pesce puzza alla testa*; which means, 'The fish rots first at the head'. Underneath his little monster he wrote the letters, O.V.S. which stand for *Opera per la Valorizzazione della Sila*, or The Sila Improvement Works, which is the agency that runs the whole thing down here in the south. 'And why', I asked him, 'will the O.V.S. rot at the head?' He whispered, 'Freemasonry!' At this I had a brain-wave and asked him if he were a member of the movement called *Azione Cattolica*. At once he lit up. 'We', he said, 'will clean up all this rotten mess when we get into power', and he proceeded to draw upon the tablecloth the names of the A.C. cabinet which, so he prophesied, will take over power at the elections this summer. And so he went on until midnight, derisively, cynically, blasting.

A Dawn Survey

We met again just before dawn. He was a changed man as we drove up into the hills about Cutro, to meet the first pallid light rising over the Ionian to touch the yellow clay. He was now silent, almost sullen. I took it that he had a thick head. When we came to the first of the new little houses being built hereabouts he silently took a running kick at the corner of one of them and a lump of sandy cement fell in dust. He gazed at me significantly. Then he scraped at the shutters and looked at me in silence. It is true that I saw some wormholes in the wood. He drew his toe along a crack, and another crack in the terrace, and raised his eyebrows at me. I shrugged. He remained silent. We

went indoors and examined the whole of the little house. It was a good, sound little house such as any cottier in the Highlands, or any small farmer in Connemara, would have loved to possess. Even he began to elaborate on its good points. And as the morning went by, and I showed my satisfaction before the well-ploughed soil, the deep irrigation ditches, the factory for tiles and cavity concrete blocks, the refurbished school at Cutro—the village already looked far more prosperous than when I had seen it two years before—the peasants coming out to work in their new carts with their span-new implements aboard, and finally an entire new village, my young friend expanded more and more. He began to praise everything now, to boast wildly, indeed fantastically. I said: 'But then why were you so gloomy last night about it all?' He laughed back, and threw his arm wide over the tawny hills. 'Last night I said all the bad things so that this morning you would see and judge for yourself. Now I will show you more, and more of what we'—I noted the 'we'—'are doing for Calabria!'

Poor devils! They so desperately need encouragement to believe! They so desperately want to believe, and are so afraid to. But 1,000 years of feudalism do not end in one day, and there is such a thing as a slave-mind that it takes generations to kill. It is the worst sin, really, committed against Italy by the old landlord system. Really, the only people I met who are not afraid to believe absolutely in the future of Calabria are the Italian experts in Cosenza and Rome, and the Americans, who, to date, have sunk about £78,000,000 sterling in this gamble for what I can only describe, without sentimentality, as the soul of a people. That it is not a sentimental phrase can be seen in the annoyance with which the whole thing is being watched by the communists who first incited the peasantry to rebel. It can naturally be no pleasure to them to observe the immense moral effect—they would probably call it an immense immoral effect—which the possession of property, however small, is slowly but surely producing in a body of men who had hitherto been landless, underpaid, unproductive, material ripe for revolution. For that is precisely what is emerging from all this: a body of small landed proprietors, the last people on earth likely to be interested in communist theory. On the other hand I equally distrust the over-enthusiasm of former communists now turned into enthusiastic Land Reformers; for if there is one thing I distrust more than communists it is ex-communists; I mean they are so often moved less by joy born of discovery than hate born of disillusion. The only people worth listening to about Italian social reform are the men who have been believing in it for the past thirty years, ever since the first world war awakened Italy to a sense of social justice.

It is still much too early to see what life on a patch of fifteen acres of land is going to mean for a man with a wife and three or four children, since these first two years have had to be spent on preparing the land for him—making houses, roads, dykes, clearing the scrub, and so on—so that the peasants have not really yet started on their new lives as small farmers. But we are beginning to foresee the picture much more clearly. Two years ago there could not have been any pictorial answer to the question we were all pressing on the Italian experts:

'How', we used to ask them, 'how can they possibly live on so little?' I came away from this visit with something in the nature of a prize: the household budgets of half a dozen typical families. They are the first of their kind given out to any foreign observer, and as I eagerly examined them I saw what we should all have seen long ago: that the answer is that they can do it simply by leaving out everything except the barest necessities of existence; by leaving out coffee, sugar, cigarettes, pocket-money, any form of amusement that costs a single lira; by living on the vegetables they can produce, and by buying as little as possible of what they do not—such as wine, olive-oil, *pasta*. One hardly dares mention meat (though it appears in these budgets), and one can imagine the clothes they will wear. Well, even I am old enough to have seen small farmers in the west of Ireland live like that, on potatoes and milk, a few ounces of tea a week, maybe an ounce of tobacco, wearing the same old freeze coat for about twenty years, seeing their children go barefoot, and in bad times it was often the odd few dollar bills in the American letter that kept them alive. Syngé's Aran Islanders used to live at about the same level as these Calabrese will for the first fifteen years or so of this experiment.

After that they will have paid off, or should have paid off, all they owe for stock, implements, the seeds and fertilisers and reclamation-work of the opening years, and they will have paid off half their annuities—they get their land and houses on a thirty-year hire-purchase scheme—and having cleared all the scrub they will have their own olives, they ought to be able to afford coffee and sugar. Life in general will by then be a little easier in one way and a little tougher in another. For by that time, unfortunately, the family will have grown up and begun to scatter—or all but the eldest son. Then you and I, our children, will be meeting the children of these small farmers either selling oddments in the streets of Naples, or climbing on the wings of their wits to prosperity in Rome or Milan; or else—which is a more hopeful prospect—ancillary industries will have started in the south to absorb the surplus of the land. But that is another problem altogether: the same problem that has to be faced every day of the year in the west of Ireland or in the Scottish highlands where many a son of many a small farmer has to say goodbye to the farm and make his way in an alien world.

And so, you may say, this is the picture, this is the harsh picture that made you feel entitled to look across that blue bay at those lemon hills, and enjoy their beauty without being troubled. Well, no, I do not say without being troubled—one is always troubled; but I do say without being too ashamed for humanity to be able to see anything else but its shame. As one may travel today in Kerry or Connemara in the satisfaction of knowing that those people also, however poor, at least have their independence and their pride and can, as these Calabrian peasants can, just about make ends meet. For while I do not think that any tourist will ever again idealise the peasant, in Italy or anywhere else, we will respect him. Which was more than the romantic traveller of 100, or even fifty, years ago did, as he peered across his easel at the ragged creatures who were to form the human decor for another 'Landscape with Figures'—after Claude Lorraine, a long way after Claude Lorraine—for the rectory drawing-room.—*Third Programme*

Hellenism and the Modern World—VI

Hellene and Barbarian

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

IN this whole story—the pride of the 'Beloved City'; the pursuit of *Archê* by each city separately, ending in general war and the ruin of all the Hellenic world; the self-conviction of the city itself as a unit too small and weak to stand alone; the attempt of a barbarian world somehow to attain Hellenic culture without submitting to Hellenic rule; the persistent effort to obtain *Homonoia*, concord, between city and city, nation and nation; the attempt of philosophic Athens to save what she most valued by turning from the failure of the individual city to the saving of mankind and its soul—is it fanciful to see in all this a strange likeness to the history of our own age? Is it not merely to recognise a fact? The continent of Europe has been our modern Hellas; her separate nations have been the independent cities, and their wars her ruin as the wars of Athens and Sparta were the ruin of Hellas. And surely we may, without self-

flattery, claim that in the high civilisation which she has inherited and passed on to her kindred across the oceans is a Hellenism which the barbarian still longs to understand and assimilate.

For many centuries Europe was supreme among the organised societies of the world, with settlements all over the other continents in which the white man, as a matter of course, gave orders and the coloured natives obeyed. He governed not merely by military and economic power, but because he knew how to govern. He had more resources, more knowledge, better justice, higher culture, and more humane ways of life, and he did not habitually breed to the famine limit. Europe was the heir to a grand inheritance. From Jerusalem she had her monotheism and her Old Testament, from Rome her law and government, from Greece the love of freedom, knowledge, beauty, and political justice, and, as a special bond among all her nations, a

small Greek book proclaiming a religion of love. For a long time she seemed to be generally true to her inheritance, progressing steadily towards peace and international friendship, till suddenly, in the early days of this century, the movement forward seemed to be reversed. The actual increase of world unity brought about world wars. The sovereign independent nations in which the world was organised had been brought dangerously close together before they were ready for it: their ambitions clashed, and the evil temptress, *Archê*, had worked her will. It was war and more war, until, to use Thucydides' words, 'war gave rise to every form of wickedness' throughout Europe, and 'each party tried to surpass his rival in the ingenuity of his plots and the atrocity of his revenges'. Are the words not fairly apt?

The wars were chiefly in Europe, and as a result the former Queen of Continents is dethroned: no longer the strongest; no longer the wealthiest and most secure; no longer capable, after the unspeakable lies and cruelties of the second world war, of claiming to be recognised as the most righteous or humane; her sovereign nations shown up as being no longer great powers but, just like the Greek Polis, units too small to think of *Archê* or even to stand securely on their own feet. Western Europe in general, I think, has learned her lesson; but, like Hellas, she is surrounded by much stronger units of power, a terribly powerful enemy to the east who rejects all her values, and an equally powerful child to the west who loves and defends them. Are we not indeed caught up in a great Hellenistic Age in which Europe, however weakened in force, still remains—with her great ally—most advanced in knowledge, in scientific technique, in the art of government; in which some of her nations at least retain almost undamaged her old standards of integrity and public duty, while the outer world, however rebellious against any claim of superiority, is eagerly trying to master the methods and secrets of Europe's Hellenism?

The general process seems to be beyond doubt. Our Enemy Number One equips herself to destroy European civilisation with a creed borrowed from European writers and with a technology devised by European scientists. China, in her effort to become Enemy Number Two, is actually turning away from the ancient Confucian traditions that were once her glory and adopting the new-fangled doctrines of the German Marx and the Russian Stalin. European civilisation has such prestige that the most confirmed non-Europeans cannot do without it. In some cases, indeed, the blending of the two cultures, Hellenic and non-Hellenic, has resulted in new values which neither could have produced alone. If the Phoenician Zeno, studying in Athens, was founder of the greatest of Greek schools of philosophy, has any religious teacher of our time impressed the world, both east and west, more than Mahatma Gandhi? In the whole leadership of India today, both intellectual and political, there is a rare blending of the two great cultures; if only one could be sure that it would last!

The old Hellenistic age had, roughly speaking, three great aspirations: it aimed at a hellenising or humanising of the brutal world; it longed and strove for *Homonoia*, concord, between community and community, between man and man; lastly, it proclaimed a conception of the world as one great city, which should on the one hand supersede all local allegiances and on the other should, like Plato's imagined Republic, be in itself an organisation of the righteous life.

Modern Desire for Concord

Exactly the same aspirations are at work in the modern world, and before we call them vain we must reflect on the enormously greater power which two centuries of unparalleled scientific advance have put into the hand of modern man and of modern organised society. Our first aspiration, like theirs, is *Homonoia*, oneness of heart, concord; and here, so far, we are defeated. Our two great international organisations the League of Nations and the United Nations, though effective beyond expectation in other ways, have certainly not produced world peace. How could they? They were meant to work in a world that at least wished for concord, and we have presented them with a world full of conspiracy and threats of war. The prospect is dark and presents a grave problem; but we notice that, on the whole, the statesmen of the free world preserve their unity, and that none of them has lost hope. If our European Hellas is doomed to lose her supremacy, and even her freedom, there may well be waiting across the Atlantic a greater Rome which may at the best establish a true world peace, and will at the worst maintain in an ocean of barbarism a large and enduring island of true Hellenic life.

As for the one great city, already we have proclaimed it as our ideal. The principle of allegiance to the good of the world as a

whole, in preference to the nationalism by which men think only of their own country, is now generally accepted both in the Charter of U.N. and the practice of the more enlightened governments. To be a nationalist is to be a confessed sinner.

The last of the three aspirations is the hellenisation of a barbarous world. It is here that, if only the great third war is averted, the next generation may find its most persistent ordeal and its best hope. It must use all its strength, all its wisdom, to see that the main drift of the world is Hellenic and not barbarous. It will be difficult, but surely not impossible, to build up a society of nations in which population does not habitually increase to famine point, judges do not expect bribes, prisoners are not tortured, governments obey the law, and the law really aims at justice. Whatever happens, civilised mankind must not be re-barbarised. Meantime, we have, I think, achieved something else, and something very great, which the world has never known before. Consider not only the normal work done by the better colonial governments for their own peoples. Consider the social and economic work of U.N., the health service, the refugee service, the wonderful achievements of technical aid; in all of which it is accepted, as an ordinary rule of political action, that the strong nations bring help to the weak, the rich to the poor, the advanced to the backward, the safe to those in danger and distress.

Active Sympathy

Think, in all the recent great disasters, what an eager outpouring of spontaneous help to the sufferers has come from all those parts of the world which we call civilised. This active sympathy is almost a new thing. Nations used normally to be jealous of each other's prosperity: now their normal practice is to help each other's need. The change is due partly, no doubt, to our common sufferings, partly to our common fears, partly it is the natural result of our increased powers of communication and action. The suffering comes close to us, therefore we feel; we have the power to help, therefore we do help. Critics often complain that this is an irreligious age. Yet there is a religion, almost independent of dogma, which seems to be stealing half-consciously through the minds of men of different faiths and nations when they face together the great sufferings of mankind; a religion which men really believe and on which they act. An old Hellenistic phrase tried to express it in Latin: *Deus est mortali mortalem iuvare*: 'That man should help his fellow man is God', or, should we say, 'is man's nearest approach to God'? It is at least in itself 'true religion and undefiled'. And of that, I think, there is more in the world than ever before.—Home Service

The Poet's Friend

You could have loved the sun in so many places,
Pools upon which his eye will look all day,
Quiet rooms and quieter lawns, the wall that traces
His presence in the lights of a leaf-laced way;
But you love the sun in a wave of the sea that races
And falls and is born again and cannot drown,
But is lost and found and is lost to our questioning faces,
And will not lie down.

You could have loved the Christ's-trade carpenter, binder
Of books or the careful builder, if art were dear,
But the eye of a poet is only a dark reminder
Of songs in a minor key and the tales of fear;
And he goes like a wandering steed without a finder
With the thorns caught up in his mane through the wood grown brown
Where the acres of thought are wide as the world and no kinder,
And will not lie down.

How can you follow save when the light of perfection
Will-o'-the-Wisp-like leads you as he must be led?
How can you follow his path save by constant detection,
To keep in the hungry world the bright wanderer fed?
Know that the only regard is to have no rejection,
There is no end to the journey, no sheltering town;
You will go where your rest is in knowing his latest direction,
And will not lie down.

I. R. ORTON

The Age of the Universe

By C. A. COULSON

IF we are going to ask questions about the age of the universe, we must first be sure that we know just what it is that we are discussing. So I will deal very briefly with our present knowledge. Our sun is one among some thousands of millions of stars. These are clustered together in what we are pleased to call 'our' galaxy, though the sun is in no way particularly remarkable, and there may be plenty of other stars with associated planets such as our earth. Even by astronomical standards the galaxy is quite large: it takes 100,000 years for a ray of light to cross from one side to the other of the region of space which it occupies. However, large as our galaxy appears to be, it is only one among about 100,000,000 others, most of them about the same size. These galaxies, or nebulae, are immensely distant from us and from each other, the space between them being largely devoid of concentrations of matter. We could liken them to lonely, wandering travellers in an arid and almost empty desert. This, then, is our universe as we know it now.

Search for a Consistent Pattern

I think we can begin to see the nature of our difficulty when we try to find out how old this strange pattern is, and the manner of its birth. In one quite fundamental way we are presented with a situation entirely distinct from that involved in estimating the age of the earth. For we live on the earth; our material is close at hand; we can weigh and measure and study. We can determine the amount of radioactivity in the rocks, we can measure the temperature below the earth's surface, we can trace in fossil form the development of life upwards from its most primitive beginnings. But with the universe we can do none of these things. As I have said, our earth is one of the smallest bits. Jeans called it 'a minute speck in the infinitude of time and space', and we cannot even approach the larger bits. I think it is this inaccessibility, so different from most scientific study, which provides much of the fascination exerted by cosmology. We can never be sure that we have got the answer right. The best that we can hope for is that when we gather up all the different pieces of evidence that we can lay our hands on, we shall be able to fit them into some pattern, or scheme, which will be consistent in itself, and with the whole body of scientific thinking about the behaviour of matter on our own earth. If you argue that there is no particular reason why the laws which appear to govern this behaviour on earth should apply to matter in these distant nebulae, then there is nothing that can be done about it. I shall shortly refer to one such view which has been put forward to help us out of an apparent difficulty. No one can disprove such assertions, even though, from the nature of the case, they cannot be proved either. No, the only sensible and scientific thing to do is to assume, as far as possible, that there really is a *uni*-verse, over the whole of which scientific laws have substantially the same form as they have here and now on our earth.

Now that we can see how to approach this question of the age of the universe, let us look at the available evidence and at the interpretation we believe ourselves justified in placing upon it. First, let us look at the way in which the different nebulae are moving. You may remember that I likened them to lonely wanderers in an arid and almost empty desert. But this may give a false impression because on closer inspection it is found that they all appear to be moving away from us, and, of course, also from one another. We can tell approximately how fast they are moving away from us by comparing the colour of the light they emit with the corresponding colour measured on the earth. A large part of each star is composed of hydrogen, and hydrogen, when it is very hot, emits light of quite characteristic colour. But if the atom is moving away from us, the colour seems to us to be more red than if it is at rest: if it is moving toward us, the colour is more blue. This means that by measuring the colour of the light, we obtain an estimate of the speed with which a good many of these nebulae are moving along our line of sight. With only a few exceptions—and these the nearer ones—the nebulae are receding away from us. And what is more, the rate at which they are receding seems to be directly proportional to their distance from us. A nebulae which is twice as far away appears

to be moving from us twice as fast. This, of course, assumes that we know how far away they really are—a very difficult thing to determine at all accurately.

We can, however, get a pretty good estimate of distance from the brightness of some of the stars within these galaxies. What we need is some sort of astronomical yard-stick. One such yard-stick is provided by a certain class of star, known as the Cepheid Variables. Their peculiarity is that their brightness fluctuates, increasing and then decreasing, and then increasing again. It seems, from a careful study of the closer Cepheids (which, if they belong to our own galaxy, are more amenable to study by other methods), that there is a definite relation between the period of fluctuation and the true brightness of the star (that is, its luminosity). Now the period of a Cepheid is not difficult to observe even for quite distant ones; and so we can infer its true brightness. But our telescopes report the apparent brightness with which the light from the star reaches us. Comparing these two figures, we obtain the star's distance away from us. This is how the famous law of the expanding universe was obtained by Hubble and Humason.

The only way to avoid the conclusion that the galaxies are running away from us is to suppose that the change of colour on which it is based is due to some other cause. And it has been seriously suggested by some people that in the course of time the colour of light becomes very gradually more and more red—almost as if the light got 'tired' on its long journey across space. But there is no evidence to be obtained on this earth in favour of such a suggestion, so that it becomes one of those assertions which, on account of their unprovable character, we reject as far as is humanly possible. Let us go on, then, believing that the nebulae really are receding.

At first sight all this may not appear to have much relation to the age of the universe. But let us imagine ourselves going backwards in time. The nebulae retrace their various paths: they all come nearer to us and to each other. The discovery that their apparent speeds away from us are directly proportional to their distance implies that, assuming this motion to have gone on unchecked, there must have been a moment, far back in time, when they were all crowded in an extremely small region of space. According to this picture, the universe has been steadily expanding ever since. If you use the actual numerical values found in the Hubble-Humason law, this rather special moment of time was about 4,000,000,000 years ago. It is true that certain refinements need to be made, and we need to make allowance for the force of gravitational attraction that every nebula must exert on every other nebula and which influences their spreading out from each other. But all this does not greatly affect the numerical answer. Now if the matter in the universe was really so greatly concentrated at that time, it is hard to avoid calling that the moment of creation: and so we get the age of the universe—4,000,000,000 years.

That figure of 4,000,000,000 years for the age of the universe has only just been obtained. For some years it seemed to be only 2,000,000,000 years: and a great difficulty arose, because it was hard to see how the age of the universe could possibly be less than the age of the earth, which is now fairly well established as about 3,000,000,000 years. But in the past few months, thanks to the enormous 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar in California, a more reliable value for the yardstick of distance has been found, leading to astronomical distances about twice as great as had previously been believed. This implies twice as great an age, and the previous difficulty is very nicely resolved.

Evidence from Star Clusters

The method I have just been describing is, fortunately, not the only one on which we can base an estimate of age. For example, we could consider a group, or cluster, of stars, moving more or less parallel to each other in the same region of the galaxy. The Pleiades, a group of about 200 stars in the constellation Taurus, is one such cluster. It can be shown that clusters of this kind must eventually break up, due to their interactions with each other. Professor Chandrasekhar, the

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NEWS DIARY

May 13-19

Wednesday, May 13

United Nations delegation at Panmunjom presents counter-proposal to recent communist plan for dealing with prisoners of war unwilling to be repatriated

Seventeen Africans sentenced to death in Kenya for their part in the recent massacre at Lari

Report of National Coal Board for 1952 published

Thursday, May 14

President Eisenhower says that he would have no objection to a meeting of the leading powers provided there was 'reasonable indication that progress could be made'

Communists at Panmunjom reject U.N. counter-proposal on prisoners of war

The Colonial Secretary arrives in Kenya for five-day visit

Government plans announced for helping to preserve buildings of outstanding historic or architectural merit

Friday, May 15

Upper House of Federal German Parliament approves Bills ratifying the European Defence Treaty and the Contractual Agreement ending Occupation Statute

Colonial Secretary has discussions with Governor of Kenya in Nairobi

Saturday, May 16

Mr. William Oatis, American journalist serving ten-year sentence in Czechoslovakia on charge of espionage, is released

Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, visits Damascus and Beirut

Court of Session in Edinburgh dismisses petition against use of 'Elizabeth II' in the Queen's style and titles

Sunday, May 17

General Harrison, chief United Nations delegate at Panmunjom, confers in Tokyo with General Mark Clark

French forces in Indo-China throw back rebel attacks near Thailand border

Fourth post-war elections take place in Hungary

Monday, May 18

Commons debate the National Health Service

Over thirty persons killed during three days rioting in Northern Nigeria

General Ridgway testifies before House of Representatives foreign affairs committee

Tuesday, May 19

Colonial Secretary says that fight against Mau Mau has reached 'the phase of decision'

Mr. Yoshida re-elected Prime Minister of Japan



Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, who spent two days in London last week as a guest of the British Government, photographed with the Prime Minister when he attended a conference at 10 Downing Street on May 15

Right: Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School) is celebrating its 400th anniversary this year. Pupils of the boys' school at Horsham, Sussex, photographed in the quadrangle beneath a statue of King Edward VI, the Hospital's founder



Jacob Epstein's statue of the Virgin and Child which he has completed for the Convent of the Holy Child in Cavendish Square, London. The statue, which is twelve feet high, has been placed over an archway in one of the walls of the Convent; it was unveiled on May 14 by Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer

Right: 'Dumbo' and 'Rusty', the London Zoo's baby elephants, who are wearing festive trappings for the Coronation season, taking children for rides last week



Princess Margaret, who is granddaughter of King George VI, in Oslo. With Her Royal Highness Princess Anne and Prince George





to last week to attend the wedding of Princess Ragnhild, Norway, on May 15, visiting the City Hall during her stay are, left to right, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, Princess Georg ark, King Haakon, and King Frederik of Denmark



Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Harold Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator, visited Jordan last week during their tour of the Middle East. A group taken in Amman: left to right, Mr. Joseph Green, U.S. Ambassador to Jordan, Mr. Dulles, King Hussein of Jordan, Dr. Fawzi el Mulki, Prime Minister of Jordan, and Mr. Stassen



'Frogmen' coming ashore at Eastney, Hampshire, during a demonstration of amphibious assault given last week by the three services



The open-air art exhibition in Victoria Embankment Gardens, London



A winning entrant in the Royal Windsor Horse Show last week: J. Black and 'Bossy' who were placed first in the open Hackney Pony Competition on Saturday

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distinguished Indian physicist, has shown that a cluster like the Pleiades would have a life of about 3,000,000,000 years. There are several hundred clusters of this sort within our galaxy. If the age of the galaxy were much greater than a few thousand million years it is hard to see why these clusters have not all broken up. And so, once again, we arrive at about the same age. As a matter of fact, there are also clusters not of stars but of galaxies, such as the Virgo cluster: the same sort of analysis can be applied: the same sort of age is found.

There are at least two other lines of evidence that we can pursue. One arises from the fact that quite a large proportion of the stars which we see are really double stars—they consist of two stars which move in some sort of orbit round each other. They may be widely separated from each other on an absolute scale, but, since they are much closer to each other than to any other neighbours, we can treat them as units, and discuss the motion of one of them relative to the other. It appears that in the course of time these binary stars should all be separated, largely as a result of occasional accidental collisions, or near-collisions, with other stars. A careful statistical analysis of these binaries shows that on the average their dissolution has only just started: so that an upper limit to the age of the universe can be found. Once again, we get the same value as before, a few thousand million years.

Rate of Consumption of Hydrogen

The last of our methods is quite different. It concerns the heat energy being generated in a star. We are fairly sure nowadays that a star gets the energy it gives out as light and heat by converting hydrogen atoms into helium atoms. The process is by no means straightforward, but thanks to the work of von Weizsäcker, in Germany, and Bethe, in America, we are able to follow the process, and tell how far the consumption of hydrogen has gone. For example, red, giant stars are those that have used up almost all their hydrogen. From their size and brightness we can tell the rate at which the consumption of hydrogen takes place, and the amount that has already been changed into helium. In this way we infer ages of about 4,000,000,000 years. None of the ages exceeds this figure, though many come near to it.

What seems to me quite astonishing about all this is that all the very various lines of argument lead to a figure of about 4,000,000,000 or 5,000,000,000 years. This agreement is too imposing to be treated as mere coincidence. It becomes even more remarkable when we realise that, side by side with the experimental researches that I have been describing, there is purely theoretical work leading to just the same sort of conclusion. Both Sir Arthur Eddington, in Cambridge, and the Abbé Le Maître in Belgium, have devised models to account for the history of the universe. The accounts differ somewhat, though they have much in common. According to Eddington, sufficiently long ago, all the matter in the universe was concentrated in a minute region which it completely filled like a cloud. By and by, some parts of the cloud became more dense, other parts correspondingly less dense. The dense parts condensed to form galaxies and stars and planets: the less dense parts became very rarified interstellar gas. And during all the time since that first movement began, the whole universe has been steadily expanding until it has become what we see it to be today. The age of the universe is the time interval since the first fluctuation in density of the cloud set the whole process going. Eddington was inclined to put this as far back as 90,000,000,000 years. But the experimental evidence seems to favour a distinctly smaller figure.

Le Maître's theory is a variant of this. He starts with all matter in the form of one single atom, displaying the perfect symmetry that we have come to recognise in an atom. But because it was unstable like this, on account of its size, this primeval atom exploded in the greatest atomic explosion there has ever been, and the various bits are the stars and galaxies we see in our telescopes, still flying away from each other, with the fastest the farthest away.

This remarkable agreement between the different experimental determinations and between experiment and theory, suggests strongly that something, beyond which science cannot go, happened about 5,000,000,000 years ago. It is not unreasonable to call this unique event the creation. Sir Edmund Whittaker has said of the discovery of this agreement that if 'it is confirmed by later researches, it may well come to be regarded as the most momentous discovery of the age; for it represents a fundamental change in the scientific conception of the universe, such as was effected 400 years ago by the work of Copernicus', when the geocentric idea of the universe was abandoned.

'If it is confirmed'—that is the point. At this moment a great controversy is raging. A group of brilliant young astrophysicists have begun to claim that there is something more to be said. They believe that, throughout the whole universe, new matter is continuously springing into existence, probably in the form of atoms of hydrogen gas. The rate is very low, but because space is so large, the total amount of new material each year is enormous. The creation of this new matter just balances a loss, which arises from the fact that the farthest galaxies, those at the edge of space, are continually disappearing. This disappearance is one of the most fascinating suggestions of modern cosmology. It follows from the Hubble-Humason law, according to which they are continually increasing their speed away from us. No light signal, or any other kind of influence, can travel faster than light, so that when the recession of a galaxy reaches this speed, it becomes completely impossible for us ever to have any contact with it. We cannot even see it; as far as we are concerned it just does not exist. It certainly does not belong to our universe. We are obliged to say that this particular galaxy has disappeared at the boundary of space. Creation of new matter and disappearance of old balance in such a way that the total amount of matter accessible to us remains more or less constant. So also does the number of stars, because the dilute hydrogen gas that comes into existence gradually condenses into larger and larger drops, until a new star is formed out of it. So the theory is: new hydrogen atoms appear from nowhere; they collect into groups and form stars and nebulae: these nebulae move away from us faster and faster until they disappear. But the play goes on, each star acting its part upon the great stage and then passing off into the wings. As it was 1,000,000,000 years ago, is now, and will be 1,000,000,000 years to come: continuous creation, no beginning and no end of the play, only a beginning and an end for each separate element. This is the picture put forward by Hoyle, Lyttleton, Bondi, and Gold.

If you ask me what I think myself, I shall reply that I think it is safer to wait and see. For these new ideas are still too exciting and turbulent to be assessed with anything like objective calm. But, meanwhile, if the older views with which I began are accepted they do at least provide a consistent answer to our question: our universe is about 4,000,000,000 or 5,000,000,000 years old. But when I have said that, I must come back to something that has been lying in wait for us all the time I have been talking. We must always remember that, as Dr. Whitrow of London University said on the last page of his book about cosmology: 'Our idea of the universe as a whole is still a product of the imagination'.—*Third Programme*

Dewdrop

Dewdrop of dawn, diamond exquisite, sparkling, focus of purity, fuel of faith

Filming infinity, a gem, a jewel worn on the ring of a wraith;
Or, ghost of a glow-worm, tremulously waiting on the leaf's curled edge to be absorbed by the sun;

Or, devout at her orison, a bead from her rosary dropped by a spectral nun.

Clocking a moment in Time's Forever transiently beautiful grief of a star;

Or something pen-pointing the heaven of our dreaming, a token, a sign, the way is not far.

Seemingly simple, but complex, miraculous, for all—all is here distilled to a drop—

Eternal, transparent, dear blood of the spirit pulsating through all things never to stop;

Something to quench the thirst of our searching, desert—oasis, Hope's passion empearled;—

Glorious translucent trap for the spectrum, gracious reflector, gist of the world;

One with the gossamer thread of the Numinous, miniature orblet, lakelet of light,

One with the grandeur, awful, majestic the ceaseless galactic sweat of the night;

Essence of Holiness, inner mysterium, mirror of mirrors of love and of loss:

A tear from God's eye, compassionate, pitying, reproachful reminder of Christ on the Cross!

HUW MENAI

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Are the Rent Acts Fair?

Sir,—In the talk by Dudley Perkins 'Are the Rent Acts Fair?' there is an implication which vitally concerns every tenant of a local authority. It is that security of tenure is important only as an aspect of rent restriction, and that 'It would be (equally) useless for the tenant to be protected against eviction if the landlord were free to raise the rent'.

Security of tenure is surely an elementary right of any tenant who commits no breach of his tenancy agreement, yet any tenant of a local authority may be evicted at short notice, whether or not he has committed any such breach, or broken any law or bye-law. No court has the power to stop or stay such an eviction and the local authority is not even obliged to state upon what grounds the eviction is demanded! Magistrates have often commented unfavourably upon this position, where many people are denied access to the law in a matter scarcely less fundamental than liberty itself.

We therefore submit that this must be put right in any new rent act or amendment to the existing Acts by giving the courts the same powers in respect of the eviction of a local authority tenant as they now have in the case of a tenant of a private landlord. This to be done without reference to any other considerations, as a matter of elementary justice.

Yours, etc.,

Canterbury

K. DICE

Hon. Secy.,

Kent Federation of Council Tenants

The Nature of Political Decision

Sir,—While agreeing emphatically with Mr. Stuart Hampshire's contention that 'a society which is always in anxious uncertainty about the ends of its actions . . . will be a free society', I feel that he is in danger of weakening his case by asserting that such a society will 'more and more judge policies solely by their immediate cost in short human lives', and will 'see every decision as a temporary adjustment . . . Surely, the operative words here are 'always' and 'anxious'. Any society which tends to make decisions simply in accordance with the needs of the moment, on virtually a basis of expediency, has ceased to worry at all about the obscure issues concerning 'a final goal or destination'; by a process of continual disillusionment, it has passed out of the state of 'anxious uncertainty' and has replaced final ends with immediate ends. Such a society is no more free than one based on traditional values.

The maintenance of a free society seems to me to depend on it always being rather uncertain of its final goal, always receptive of new ideas concerning the possible nature of that goal, and always resisting the temptation to lose hope of the long-term solution in favour of the more immediately satisfying short-term one.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

MICHAEL DOWSETT

Sir,—As an incorrigible optimist myself I felt grateful to Mr. Stuart Hampshire (THE LISTENER, May 14) for his cold douche for the many gloomy views on our 'modern predicament'. His argument seems both encouraging and stimulating. At the same time, I find myself not completely convinced that his general thesis

should have wholehearted support, if only for the reason that subscription to it appears so remarkably easy.

To imply that a stable society is more wasteful than an unstable one, that the discipline of an ideal should be discarded for fear of 'suppression' may be considered by some as a crowning surrender to the disciples of expediency.

Do the young people of our present generation really need urging to manufacture their own values and, in the limit, each his own morality? I would have thought that the element of 'self', present in all of us, could be relied on to look after this rightly cherished aspect of democracy.

It would be a fine thing for the country to do more than 'survive' a long war but there are indisputable signs that, in terms of influence at all events, we might too soon find ourselves on the path of the other waning societies which human history has known. The fact that we can recognise this contingency is of course our good fortune, and certainly no cause for depression, but I think one should guard against the danger of spreading a doctrine which might be thought in any way to condone complacency.

Yours, etc.,

West Alvington

L. A. BARRY

Psychology and Religion

Sir,—My book, *God and the Unconscious*, is less sweeping in its claims for the psychological and social benefits of religion than Dr. Werblowsky's generous comments (in THE LISTENER of May 7) have led Mr. Atiyah to suppose. It is content to remark on the abundant clinical evidence that indicates that the contemporary 'passing away of God' is a serious, if not a basic, factor in the troubles of our time, and that psychological theory would lead us to expect this outcome. It does not maintain that any religion—let alone lip-service to religion and an outward performance of its motions—is a universal panacea for all human ills and wickedness. Indeed, I laid some stress on the worst to be expected of the *corruptio optima*.

I can write with less assurance on the roots of the destructive savagery of the seventeenth century. But, being fresh from a reading—enthralled and appalled—of Mr. Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*, I find it hard to believe that that century was conspicuously 'God-inspired' or that 'God was a firm and universal reality' in the minds of those who shaped it. Mr. Huxley lays much of the blame on the 'idolatry of dogma', but the evidence he adduces suggests an idolatry rather of some *disiecta membra* of dogma and of 'traditions of men'. He shows how all sense of the Divine mystery, majesty and love was banished, the significance of the Central Christian doctrine of the Trinity had been forgotten, and a passion-ridden fear and egotism took its place. In my own book I pointed out that modern 'godlessness' is no new phenomenon, but the product of centuries of a widening 'split' in the European psyche, and suggested that our 'passing away of God' may prove the necessary prelude to healing and resurrection.—Yours, etc.,

Zürich

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

Sir,—I wonder why R. H. Gunn dismissed it as 'transcendental' to point out that the development, or evolution, of the consciousness

of mankind can be factually and historically traced from that of the man of the stone age to that of men like Gautama Buddha, Jesus Christ or, nearer to our own age, Gandhiji?

Pindar reminded us that 'the important thing is to become what one is'. Presumably *homo sapiens*, even as the rose, is only seen as he is at the highest point of development of which he is capable. If it is believed that this highest point is reached by a 'cell' in a state-territory, it is, of course, unrealistic to aim at attaining the mental-spiritual stature of a man like Jesus of Nazareth, or even of Gandhiji. But if we visualise the sort of world we might have if it were peopled by men of such calibre, and then take a look at the denizens of the modern totalitarian state, we are inclined to think that the materialists are being very unrealistic in their idea of what man is.

True realism would induce mankind to 'worship' the evolutionary urge by giving it their undivided attention, obeying it, and striving to become what the process of evolution has already shown that man *can* become: a Gandhiji—a Plotinus—a Jesus Christ.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.16

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

Sir,—Mr. R. H. Gunn is perfectly correct when he states that a religion based on the evolutionary process demands the formulation of a new standard of ethics. One reason why a religion is essential to atheists is that institutional religion is an organ for setting up recognised standards of ethics. It is impossible for such an organ to formulate a satisfactory code of ethics upon the basis of the human evolutionary process unless the theory and practice of that process is known. Hence the need for atheists to concentrate their attention upon the task of solving the problems of human evolution instead of upon the destruction of the existing institutional religions.

A sound theory of human evolution can only be achieved by the concentrated use of efficient scientific reasoning. The more we atheists struggle with the problem and the more we use our reasoning powers the more fit we become to master human evolutionary theory and processes. Were we to indulge in the mystical worship of the evolutionary process as suggested by Mr. Gunn, we would corrupt our reasoning powers to the point of inefficiency. Mr. Gunn believes in mystical experience and worship. I defend his right to hold these beliefs, but may I point out that his suggestion that atheists should also practise these beliefs is a highly immoral one. It involves atheists in being false to their own beliefs. It involves them in burying their heads, like ostriches, in the sands of religious mysticism and worship.

May I be permitted, in conclusion, to riposte at Mr. Pilgrim. He asks: 'Can an atheist worship love?' The answer is 'Yes', but we atheists think it wrong to do so. Love does not possess the all-desirable survival values which Mr. Pilgrim attributes to it. It has very serious survival defects, and this gap in its values has to be corrected and balanced by the propensity to hate. Both propensities are essential to the survival of the human race. Trouble arises when either is indulged in to excess. It is just as unwise for Mr. Pilgrim to depend too much upon the cult of love as it is for atheists to indulge

unduly in hate. Both extremes are wrong. Human survival is aided by the right use of these essential qualities.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.4 GEORGE ADCOCK

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

Hellenism and the Modern World

Sir,—In the third of Dr. Gilbert Murray's talks on 'Hellenism and the Modern World', we were told that educated Athenians might be said to have little belief in the Homeric literary gods, but a great deal in the strictly localised deities who make little show in literature; but surely there was some connection between these two sets of divinities, who are recognised in myth and in great poetry the world over? Shakespeare knew that England was the seat of Mars, and the choice of St. George—the warrior saint—as patron, harmonises with that old astrological tradition; yet the localised deity of London was Lugh or Lud of the silver hand, whose name is preserved in Ludgate Hill, and who is easily identified with Mercury, the god of the fluent speech which has always characterised that busy city, and manifests today in the rapid spreading of news by the B.B.C. Scotland, ruled by the Moon, produces a more emotional and imaginative race, which concentrates much on education.

France is traditionally ruled by the Sun, and though Sun worship is pretty widespread, we do note that the average Frenchman is very keen on shining; yet Paris has its own localised ruler, best described as Vulcan, the craftsman whose exquisite skill fashioned the armour and the ornaments worn by the gods; so he fittingly inspires the Parisian leaders of fashion in western lands: but Vulcan also built the palaces of the gods, which were identified with the Sun, Moon and planets of our solar system, just as in the Hebrew and early Christian tradition it was taught that these were the dwellings or physical bodies of the Archangels.

The declaration of Marcus Aurelius that 'the gods can be seen, even with eyes' should be read in the light of that world wide teaching; and it is well to note his reverent addition, 'I continually feel their power; and so I know that they exist, and I worship them'. And in the Greek presentation of the heavenly hierarchy there is a wonderful reverence. They use the familiar phrasing of family relationships while defining and differentiating divine activities, and greatly honour the Father of gods and of men; but also they recognise that behind and above that family group lay Time and Space; so we hear of Cronos the grandfather of the gods, and of his father Ouranos, their great-grandfather, the God of the starry firmament; and behind them yet something greater and without limitations, that to our human intelligence could only be described as Chaos.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 10 I. M. PAGAN

Homes for Export

Sir,—In 'Homes for Export' (THE LISTENER, May 7), I see that some firm is importing 1,000 prefabricated houses into the Cameroons for the native workers on a plantation. The African house of sun-dried brick and thatch is quite good to live in; I have done so for months on end. It costs perhaps £20 to build and goes up in a couple of weeks. I wonder what the 'prefabs' cost, and if they are much more comfortable than the types native to the country?—Yours, etc.,

Fordingbridge H. S. W. EDWARDES

The Post-war Novel in Russia

Sir,—Miss Helen Rapp observed (THE LISTENER, April 30) of V. Azhaiev's novel *Far*

From Moscow that the circumstances under which the pipe-line is built are, to western eyes, the circumstances of slavery. I do not know how anyone who trudges through this exceedingly dull book could deny Miss Rapp's opinion. However, Miss Simon waxes indignant over such a heretical view. And yet she, too, is unable to deny that the circumstances are those of slavery; so, faced with the evidence of a book duly approved by her cultural mentors, she falls back on the usual type of argument put forward by apologists for the Soviet Union, saying that the pipe-line is built during a critical period of the war, and that the work is of 'first military significance'. Exactly the same argument could be put forward on behalf of the Nazis' use of slave-labour; but how indignant Miss Simon would be if Herr Krupp pleaded that slaves were needed in his factories during a critical period of the war, on work of 'first military significance!'—Yours, etc.,

Oxford JOHN GILLARD WATSON

The Mystery of Ife

Sir,—I have not had the opportunity of visiting Ife or of making investigations on the spot, but it does not seem clear that we should assume that the bronze and terra cotta heads (referred to in THE LISTENER of April 30) found there fifteen years ago and earlier are as old as 800 years, or even date back as far as the Italian Renaissance.

From their style alone one would judge them to be Victorian or about 100 years old. As stated by Mr. William Fagg, 'Ife art treated the human body very realistically instead of distorting it in various ways like other African artists'. He is doubtless thinking of the art of Benin, which, contrary to what is generally believed, may have preceded that of Ife. If this is so it would account for the primitive distortion of the Benin heads and at the same time the powerful spiritual conviction with which they are conceived compared with the decadent realism of these later Europeanised portrait heads.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1. R. L. HAYNE

The New Coinage

Sir,—Charles Mitchell (in THE LISTENER of May 14) translates the Latin inscription on the new coins as 'Elizabeth II by the Grace of God of all Britain Queen, Defender of the Faith'. But the double 't' in 'Britt' denotes an abbreviation of a plural word. So the correct translation is 'of all the Britains Queen'.—Yours, etc.,

Amersham A. MORLEY DAVIES

Building a New Capital City

Sir,—In fairness, I hope I may be allowed this brief reply to Mr. Sweet-Escott's comment on my letter of May 7?

I thank him for bearing out the tenor and purport of that letter by his statement that 'the more famous Shalamar Gardens are located in Kashmir'. My whole point was to guide the ordinary reader to this fact. I did not deny there were Gardens called 'Shalimar' in Lahore, but when I suggested that Max Lock's relative statement was curious and misleading, it had appeared to me as a curious aberration in nomenclature, and must surely be referring to the vastly more imposing Shahdara, whose regal design, and superb dignity and proportions entitled it to indisputable pre-eminence in Lahore; and as to the misleading part, Max Lock's omission to convey to the ordinary reader that he was not referring to the Shalamar of Kashmir, might well have cost many a reader a heavy betting loss on the origin of the song: 'Pale hands of Shalamar' (Lahore!).

I also sympathise with Mr. Sweet-Escott when he implies that all he can see of Shahdara, 'from the railway line', is four minarets: he's on the wrong train; and, if he can take a joke, at the wrong tea-gardens also, with his friend the Shah.

I would conclude by saying that I lived for five years in Lahore.—Yours, etc.,

Bath NORMAN PHILLIPS

'The Marquis de Sade'

Sir,—Your reviewer of my book, *The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade* writes 'Mr. Gorer has tried to prove that [Sade] wrote books of considerable philosophical, scientific and artistic value in excellent French'.

On page 211 of the book under review I wrote

He (Sade) has no graces of style at all: he abounds in clichés of every sort, and one would have to search hard to find an original metaphor or simile; he writes at such speed that his syntax is frequently inextricably convoluted; and his books have a tendency to proliferate like cancers, burgeoning monstrously, with constant additions but, as far as the evidence of the surviving manuscripts is a guide, with no cuts at all. He writes really badly most of the time . . .

Yours, etc.,

Hayward's Heath GEOFFREY GORER

Rare and Extinct Birds of Britain, by Ralph Whitlock (Phoenix House, 21s.), is an up-to-date survey of rare and extinct birds of Great Britain which should be a welcome addition to the naturalist's book shelves. It is true that the expert ornithologist may be fully conversant with those birds which have become extinct, or which are very rare, or even locally distributed; but it must be remembered in assessing the value of any book on birds that the amateur and novice bird watchers far exceed in numbers those who are learned and experienced in ornithology.

Ralph Whitlock is a farmer who, in addition to carrying out his arduous duties on the land, has for many years found time to study birds, and to write about them and broadcast about them in a pleasing style and with considerable authority. His present book is a mine of information about those birds which have either disappeared completely from our lists, or which are so rare or 'local' as to be unfamiliar to many; and although the subject makes it necessary to deal with the different species in groups and categories, it is none the less readable for that. Mr. Whitlock divides his work into sections, starting with lost breeding species which vary from such almost legendary birds as the Great Auk to birds like the Osprey which is more familiar, but which has been lost to these islands as a breeder. Next come rare and local nesting species. This section is not only interesting as a general survey, but fulfils a more than useful reference function. Then there is a chapter on local sub-species, and another on continental and allied sub-species, both of which are again of practical value. These are followed by chapters on rare birds of passage and seasonal visitors; vagrants; and a rather nice chapter headed 'Eccentricities'. This last chapter deals with the many birds which have appeared in the British Isles less than ten or a dozen times; but for all their fleeting visits they are intriguing if only for some of their delightful names—Moustached Warbler for instance, or the Buff-Headed Duck, the last being a most beautiful little duck which breeds in Northern Canada.

The book contains an informative glossary, and what is even more important, a full and practical index. The photographic illustrations maintain the high standard of the whole book.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE Victoria and Albert Museum is showing all the Constables that it has, and it has many; they look very fine indeed. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say more, for the museum possesses several masterpieces which may now be seen within the context of the artist's development. One realises afresh the magnitude of Constable's genius, his power of arriving at a synthesis of atmospheric quality and robust drawing. Look, for instance, at his treatment of water in the sketch for the Leaping Horse: the planes of the water are perfectly understood and honestly rendered, and yet the waters move and are alive; he has all the luminosity of Monet combined with all the strength and solidity of Courbet. I could continue in this fashion *ad nauseam*, but there is too much else to be described.

Among the moderns it seems best to look for that which is arriving rather than for that which has arrived. The name of Giacomo Manzù is, surely, one that will become more and more famous. His work promises greatness. He has—and it is the least of his gifts—all the Italian power of finding agreeable surface qualities, and these lend grace to the tremendous solidity, the power and life and dignity of his modelling. He has a genius for arriving at perfectly harmonious intervals and his sculptures—much more than his drawings—have a strong yet elegant linear quality. It is a pleasure to walk round these works at the Hanover Galleries and to be astonished and delighted by the variety and perfection of their profiles. Signor Manzù is not an old man; it is moving and exciting to consider what he may yet accomplish.

Picasso is not unworthily represented at the Lefevre Gallery by a small, but very distinguished exhibition. Here the visitor may find the brilliantly clever and almost excessively sentimental '*Fillette au Chien*' of the pink period, the '*Femme Nue*', a magnificent early cubist work, a monumental head, a disquieting, twisted praying-mantis of a woman, a wonderfully gay still life of the year 1946, and a little drawing of a circus artist that might have come from the hand of almost any Italian of the sixteenth century. In short an admirably mixed bag. The most impressive pictures in this gallery are, to my mind, those painted between the years 1906 and 1909 in which the artist was inspired by Negro art and in which surfaces are simplified and dislocated, but not entirely disintegrated. There is in these pictures a quality of novelty and excitement, of the exploration of new pictorial possibilities, which reached its culmination gloriously, but too soon, in the discovery of Cubism. If only Picasso could have travelled at a more normal rate, arriving, as any ordinary genius would have done, at Cubism in his eightieth year, how magnificent his work would have been and what worlds would have been left for his disciples to conquer. We live, unfortunately, in an age of speed.

The many centuries of Chinese art which preceded the T'ang dynasty produced a considerable variety of styles (though nothing like the variety to be found in half a century of Picasso) and in each style there is an abundance of vitality which, though sometimes allowed to run wild, is more often restrained. Most visitors to the Oriental Ceramic Society

at 28 Davies Street are likely to find their greatest pleasure in the delicate Wei figurines or in the squatting lion—an exuberantly living animal—or in the graceful and lively birds and dogs of the same dynasty. The bowls and dishes are less inviting though equally rewarding; some of the conventions which derive from bronze ware are puzzling and the luxury quality, so evident in the later dynasties, is much less apparent. The visitor is left, therefore, with works which depend for their effect upon their own inner harmonies, the proportions of a foot to a neck, the way in which the curve of a belly rhymes with the curve of a lid. An examination of these formal beauties leaves one with an impression

of tremendous emotional power miraculously restrained by the most exquisite taste. A quality of restraint will also be noticed in the Coronation Exhibition at the Crafts Centre in Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. But whereas the art of the Chinese seems to be that of a man who holds a tiger in leash, that of our modern English craftsmen more nearly resembles the efforts of one who grasps a rather small kitten by the tail. There is plenty of restraint but uncommonly little to restrain. For a coronation exhibition this is one of the least vulgar and most insipid affairs imaginable. In saying this I am thinking of the pottery rather than the textiles—some of which



'Susanna' by Giacomo Manzù, at the Hanover Gallery

are gay—and perhaps I am rather too severe upon the potters. Messrs. Hammond and Leach are gifted, Mr. Harrop is competent, and I dare say Miss Marion Morris could be gay if she would; but to find the familiar dingy slips and hackneyed 'Old English' glazes without one touch of gold or silver or lustre or any colour brighter than a muddy blue on an occasion which calls for joyous brilliance is disappointing.

The Witt Collection in the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, is full of delights and surprises; among the delights there is a very beautiful drawing by Claude, two good Tintoretto's, and several drawings by Guercino. The very fine and nobly drawn study of two heralds by Lely is a surprise and so, to me at any rate, is the offset of a horse and rider by Van der Meulen. But this is a show so various and so rich that it deserves an article to itself, and space must be found in which to mention the exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries where some water-colours and drawings by Paul Nash are on view, together with the collection of the late Sir Edward Marsh and that of Mr. R. D. S. May. The selection of works from the Marsh Collection gives a very fair sample of British painting in the period which begins with Sickert and May, in a sense, be said to have ended in 1939 (although many living and flourishing artists are represented). Mark Gertler emerges very well from an assembly which includes Duncan Grant's 'Dancers,' a study of the New Bedford by Sickert, two Matthew Smiths and some very fine early landscapes by Stanley Spencer. The May Collection belongs rather to the post-war period and makes one wish, more than ever, that Picasso had not gone so far and so fast. Two pictures dominate it; there is a head by Mr. Francis Bacon, one of those horrific shouting heads with a shifty look in its eye at which this painter excels, and a semi-abstract still life by Victor Pasmore, a work of considerable beauty.

The New Outlook in Photography

Three examples from an exhibition with the above title which is on view until May 30 at the Royal Photographic Society, 16 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7. The exhibition, which is one of a series marking the Society's centenary year, comprises work submitted on invitation by sixty-five leading British and foreign photographers



A study of street-urchins by Bert Hardy of London



'Anny Noël' by A. Haab of Baar-Zug, Switzerland



Right: 'Alerta' by F. D. S. Taborda of Lisbon

'Q': Myth, Man, and Memory

By HUGH SYKES DAVIES

THE subject of this portrait struck me at different times in quite different ways—first as a myth, then as a man, and now as a memory. And each turned out better than the one before it.

The myth was a colourful one, but the man was no less colourful, and much warmer. And my memories of him now seem to me to be more valuable, more useful to me, than my actual acquaintance with the man. Not a long or a large acquaintance, I ought to say at once. There are very many people who knew him much better, for much longer—and who had the good sense to appreciate him far better than I did. I hope they will forgive me for talking about him, and perhaps allow that admiration comes better late than never.

The fact is that when I knew him he was seventy and I was twenty. And you cannot really help being a fool at twenty—I was altogether too much of a fool to appreciate someone with so little folly in him. Changes of fashion and taste made much of the fifty years between us, and I have had to grow up myself to see how little they mattered really.

For me, the myth of 'Q' was at first puzzling, and faintly sinister. It seemed odd that he should be both 'Q' the novelist, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Though I could not make out why the alias should be sinister until I suddenly realised that I connected 'Q' with those boats they used against submarines in the first world war—Q-boats. They were got up to look like merchant steamers, but as soon as a U-boat came near them, the tarpaulins were whisked off, the funnels folded up, and guns bristled out in all directions. It was a purely chance association, but such things really do count in one's life. I told 'Q' about it later, and it did not seem to strike him as out of the way. He saw a real meaning in it.

When I went up to Cambridge twenty-five years ago, the myth gathered a good deal more detail, quite without any sinister overtones, and mostly entertaining in the rather strainedly academic way that sits so heavily on undergraduates. There were all those stories of his refusal to recognise officially the presence of women in his audiences—he would always begin firmly 'Gentlemen': on one occasion, it has always been said, he addressed 100 or so ladies and one man as 'Sir'. There was, too, his habit, notorious or splendid as you chose to look at it, of not coming up until quite a time after term had started, and going away well before it ended. You went along to hear his lectures, at the time and place duly announced in the lists published by the university, and as often as not the porter in charge of the lecture rooms told you that Sir Arthur was not in residence yet. After all my years as a schoolboy, when masters unfailingly and unflinchingly turned up at the right time, this erratic behaviour on the part of a professor seemed rather attractive, in a simple sort of way.

Later, I came to realise that it went much deeper. The fact was that he had been 'Q' long before he became Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—that he had lived and written and made his own place in the world, above all in Cornwall, where he had the reputation of being at least King of Fowey, and chairman of a good deal besides. He was, in fact, somebody long before he came to Cambridge: he had never sought to come, either: he had been asked. And he came in the manner of a man invited to bring something to the university—something

well worth bringing, from a wider and richer world outside. He did not see any good reason, moreover, for giving up this other world—it would only have meant that he would have brought us less. Well, the effects of this were often amusing—sometimes highly amusing.

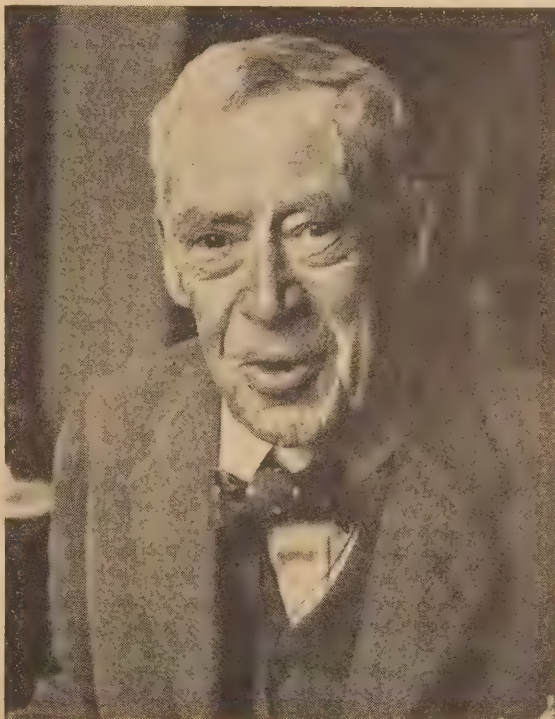
There is a story, for example, of an occasion when an examiners' meeting clashed with a regatta of the Fowey Yacht Club, of which 'Q' was Commodore. Examiners' meetings are very sacred ceremonies, and the final fixing of signatures is the climax of their ritual. 'Q' was at

the regatta, and the only signatures available in Cambridge were sent on bits of stamp-edging. But I think now that he was absolutely right. A professor who lives only in his university—a schoolmaster whose whole life is in his school—they may do good, but not the best kind of good.

It was not, I must admit, as a lecturer that 'Q' did me much good. I think he was a little past his best then, and no wonder—five years older than the present age for retirement. He gave us civilised conversation, but that is a delicate thing—it dates quickly: it was not, perhaps, quite to my condition then. But when I became a very junior lecturer in his faculty—a faculty he had done very much to create—he did his best to do me some real good. It was possibly, in a very vague kind of way, his duty to have a look at me, perhaps entertain me once or twice. But he went very much further than that. On every occasion, I felt that I had not been asked merely because he was my professor, but rather because on that day he happened to be in excellent spirits, and in need of company to share them with, just such company as mine. There was about him the air of a racing man who had done very well the day before, and was hoping that things would go even better this afternoon—and felt that a little celebration was called for. I have no idea at all whether 'Q'

actually betted. This particular association, a very strong one, depended rather on his appearance. Cambridge is near Newmarket—we see racing men about. There was, above all, 'Q's' style of clothing—a general impression of tweeds and checks in tolerably gay colours, a high stiff collar, with a spotted bow-tie, sometimes a combination of breeches with spats that I have not often seen worn. There was his face, too: strong, bucolic cheeks, an astonishingly high upper lip, bearing a very modest growth of hair, hardly a moustache, just a reminder that there had probably once been a much bigger one there. That lip always struck me a good deal: if anything much could be argued from physiognomies, it would surely forebode a great deal of shrewd stubbornness, and I do not think it would have been wrong. His eyes twinkled naturally and perpetually. And, above all, there was the impression of an attitude to life such as you might expect to find in a racing man—a certain excitement, an air of doing things with a flourish.

His lunches always turned out, for me, anyhow, to be celebrations in a modest and natural way. Food did not concern him much—he told me once that his doctor had warned him off most kinds of it—and he added that he had simplified housekeeping and the servant problem at Fowey by 'having two hampers sent down every week' from one of those fabulous grocers in Piccadilly. His doctor, he assured me, was more liberal about drink, and it was part of the air of celebration that we had a little burgundy after lunch. And for me, his wine seemed the



Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

'Picture Post' Library

necessary and natural offshoot of what was clearly the most definite and the most valuable bias of his mind—a passionate devotion to the literature of the wine-drinking countries, the Mediterranean. The one phrase in all his writing that has kept clear in my memory is about the true sources of English literature, their Mediterranean sources. 'Q' would not have any of this gloomy Anglo-Saxon stuff: Beowulf, he is supposed to have said, is nothing better than a dismal tribal chant.

I remember one of these lunches when we were joined at the burgundy by the Professor of Naval History, who had been an admiral. He happened to tell us a story about an experience he had had in the first world war while he was commanding a cruiser in the Adriatic, accompanied by Italian destroyers. They had sighted a German submarine sunning itself on the surface, and he had ordered the destroyers to attack it. After a certain amount of fussing with flags on both sides, the destroyers had hared off to port, and when the admiral got back there himself he found their commanders trying to report him for putting their ships in a position of danger. 'Q' relished the story a good deal—as I supposed he would have relished almost any story about ships—and made the obvious observation on the lack of a warrior-like spirit in the Italians, but made it in such a tone, with such an almost caressing warmth, that one felt he was really praising them, practically telling us that you could not and should not expect a nation that had produced Dante to go careering about in dangerous ships as well.

His comment was typical of a quality that, young as I was, I could see clearly enough in him. He had, in fact, a kind of straightforward, un-niggling tolerance, a largeness of mind, magnanimity might have been his own word for it from one of his favourite Mediterranean books, Aristotle's *Ethics*. And it applied even to the young men like me who he knew to be supporters of many things he disliked, modern literature, for example, and very shaky on many things he liked, such as plain, honest adventure stories. He neither played the old buffer at us, nor bullied us—he simply stated his own views, and just as simply listened to ours. He had that rare knack in older people, of letting you disagree with him without making you feel bad about it.

It was, by the way, at that lunch with the admiral, under the stimulus of a general naval atmosphere, that I told 'Q' about my early

notion of some connection between him and Q-boats. He twinkled a bit, and his first comment was: 'sailing under false colours, eh?' Then he twinkled rather more, and assured me with a certain seriousness, 'no, both true, both quite true'. I agreed with him then; but I think I understand now much better what he meant, and agree with it even more. He did, as a man, and in even his seventies, bring us something we could hardly have got if he had had only one of his existences—his Cambridge one. He never failed to bring from Fowey a whiff of another life, a life with roots narrower but deeper than ours.

All the same, I know now that I greatly under-estimated the man. I must admit that on the whole I felt he was something of a period piece, a splendid survival of the Victorian and Edwardian ages, with their conviction that all was pretty well with the world, with their good living, their rather shallow high spirits. My memories of him, my whole picture of him, have been transformed by reading his biography by Mr. Brittain—one of those who knew him really well, lived with him for many years in the same college, and took the trouble to learn much of his earlier life too.

There were many things in this book I would never have learned from 'Q' himself. I found, for example, that he had faced very severe financial trouble at one of the worst of all moments—just as he was setting out in the world, after Oxford, just as he had fallen in love with the lady he married a year or two afterwards. He had been saddled with, or rather, saddled himself with, debts left by his father, and was not content till he had paid them off—though he worked himself into a breakdown to do it. And later, when he had battled through all this to some happiness, there was the death of his only son, just after the war. That air of enjoyment, of living with something of a flourish, was no by-product of the Victorian and Edwardian ages, good luck, and good living. It had been won by effort and courage, by long-drawn-out courage. And that is why my memories of him now are so different from the myth I knew at first, and the man I knew later. That air I admired and enjoyed—the air of a man who had won something and felt like celebrating—it was real enough. He had indeed won something; and he was very right to celebrate it, for it was something much more difficult and important than I had been able to guess at.—*Home Service*

Hints on Planting Flowers

By F. H. STREETER

DURING the next month many thousands of plants will be put out. Can you imagine our gardens and parks without flowers?

First of all make sure your soil is in good condition with plenty of humus. Remember sixteen weeks is about the time for these displays, so the more quickly we can get the plants established and flowering the better they will be. Even the smallest garden can be gay if the right plants are selected.

Now just a few hints: always make sure your plants are nice and moist—never put in a dry plant; that is fatal because once the ball of soil gets dry it stays like that and any water runs down the sides and the roots never get any. When you are planting out from boxes always take out as much soil as you can so that the check is unnoticed; never pull the plants out—give them a chance; never put out a sick or diseased plant. Give them plenty of room to develop and make nice specimens; try to bear in mind that twelve inches between each plant means that they have six inches each side to make up and there are very few that cannot do that. At the same time they must cover the ground, as nothing detracts so much as seeing a lot of bare soil, and this also prevents any weeds. If your plants need staking get the sticks in as early as possible, as this is far better than having to tread all through the flowers later on. Remember that sticks are only for support, so try to make them as natural as possible and give loose ties, as that prevents the stems from swelling. When watering do it thoroughly and evenly and do not wash the soil down to the edges. If you can manage a mulch put it on as it will do good.

What about a few things to make these displays? Always go for effect. If you managed to keep your old geraniums over from last year, get them hardened off. By the way, never bring anything straight out and bang into the beds or border, as that is a great shock to them. The single marguerites are becoming popular again, so make your centre

of three of these, put your geraniums next and edge with alternate little plants of Cambridge blue lobelia and white alyssum.

A bed of fuchsias can be effective, especially with about six half-standards rising out of the bed, and edge this with a variegated grass, *Dactylis variegata* (it does not need cutting). Begonias of the small types make a lovely show; these need to be kept always moist. A bed of *Begonia semperflorens* raised from seed is not to be sneezed at. If you want something very sweet, why not a bed of heliotrope or cherry pie with dot plants thinly overlanted with *Nicotiana Affinis* or the tobacco plant? Bring your heliotrope down to within six inches of the edge of the grass; have a bold mass.

For a brilliant scarlet bed there is the early-flowering salvia; select one of the forms of *Splendens*, but do not put these out till the last week in May and make sure they have no white fly under the leaves when you buy them. For a golden display there are the African marigolds, giant orange and dwarf pale lemon, planted thinly, as these make large plants, and about six plants of Castor Oil with handsome, brownish-red foliage, underplanted with marigold Star of India.

Of course there are many other beautiful plants you can use. Think of *Phlox Drummondii*—a mixed bed is a joy—or verbenas; that is a plant everyone ought to grow—all colours and they mix perfectly. A bed of pansies can be grown even in that little back garden in the East End. For a hot sunny place try gazanias; there are some wonderful colours in these plants and they are perfectly easily raised from seed.

Among other work to be done in the garden at present is to keep the side shoots of the sweet peas pinched out and the tendrils nipped off; to watch the dahlias coming through the soil (the old plants) and not let them carry too many shoots; to get the old wallflowers that are finished pulled up and the ground replanted at once with summer flowers (the hardest first) and to keep all the old rhododendrons and azalea flowers picked off once they are finished.—*Home Service*

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Broadmoor. By Ralph Partridge.

Chatto and Windus. 21s.

'BROADMOOR'. The very name excites. After all, a community of criminal lunatics, most of whom have committed murder, cannot help arousing more than a mere passing interest. It was not until 1800 that the legal status of 'criminal lunatic' was invented. They were first housed in special blocks attached to existing asylums, and then in 1863 Broadmoor was ready to accommodate them. The inmates belong to four categories. There are those found 'Guilty but Insane', and are there awaiting Her Majesty's pleasure. Besides the 'pleasure' men are those too mad to be arraigned at all. Then there are a few found to be insane while under the sentence of death. Finally there are a certain number of convicts who have gone mad while serving their sentences. These last have been a continual trial to every Medical Superintendent who has had to deal with them. They stay in Broadmoor until the time of their sentence is completed, when they are either sent to a county asylum, or, if well enough, released.

The position of the 'pleasure' men, and the Secretary of State's lunatics is complicated. They are mad and they are criminals, and the combination of these two characteristics makes the problem of their release a matter of deep concern. It is obviously of great importance that no mistake should be made. Accordingly they have to live through a longer period of convalescence than would be required of a patient who had not committed a crime. It is well to note that 'in the whole ninety years of Broadmoor's existence not a single instance can be found of a "pleasure" patient, released by the Home Secretary's order, ever committing another murder'. This need by no means be the case with the convicts, whose release is governed by quite different rules.

While they are there, everything is done to make them better, if that is possible, and in all cases to treat them as lunatics who happen to have committed a crime, rather than as criminals who happen to be lunatics. From Mr. Partridge's history of the institution one gathers that on the whole it has been fortunate in its Medical Superintendents. Occupational therapy was introduced from the outset, and various amenities were introduced as time went on. Indeed, in 1927 an aged man knocked at the main gate demanding entry as a right. He had escaped thirty-nine years before and had never found such comfort outside The Wall as he had found inside. However, the man who has done more for Broadmoor than anyone else is the Medical Superintendent who has just retired, Dr. Hopwood. It was he who introduced the 'parole system', which means that patients on the way to recovery can experience responsibility within the institution, going where they like and helping to organise the social and sporting side of Broadmoor life, which is of paramount importance from the therapeutic point of view. He extended the social influences of sport and occupation to disturbed patients, who hitherto had not been thought reliable enough to join in such activities, and he introduced the most up-to-date methods of physical treatment for use in appropriate cases.

Mr. Partridge had as his subject what might vulgarly be called a 'cert', but 'certs' are not always easy to handle. He has handled his with restraint and distinction. His discussion of insanity and its potential criminal aspect is of interest to the expert and intelligible to the layman. His description of the institution itself is

admirably clear, and his account of the sports and the dances really give one an idea of what life in Broadmoor is like. Only one complaint must be voiced: there are too few statistics. Mr. Partridge is concerned to make his readers feel more sympathetic towards the men and women 'within The Wall', and perhaps he may have thought that numbers might intimidate. But for those of us who already feel proud of Broadmoor as a symbol of our decent conduct, it would be of interest to know how many of the various categories there are, what they are supposed to be suffering from, and how such proportions vary from year to year. It is true that such information for any one year is bound to be out of date the next, but a few sample tables would increase the informative value of the book. They can be shuffled into an appendix, and only those who wish need be any the wiser.

The Cockney. By Julian Franklyn.

Andre Deutsch. 18s.

Too frequently the Cockney is imagined only in the limited guise of a dashing 'Arry, encrusted with pearl buttons, and accompanied by his no less dashing 'Arriet, gay beneath her monstrous ostrich plumes. That there is no sound reason for supposing this garb to be more than the colourful exaggeration, if not the invention, of the late Albert Chevalier, who made it so popular on the stage, may be taken as the prevailing theme of Mr. Franklyn's admirable book. For what he gives us is a detailed account—never less than entertaining and often absorbing—of the Cockney's true place in the history of London: an account which establishes him as a personality to be reckoned with; admittedly more than a trifle uncouth at times, but always intensely human, and warmly endearing.

Because through the medium of their genius artists like Marie Lloyd and Chevalier epitomised the spirit of the Cockney, he is thought by many to have disappeared with the passing of the old music-hall; or at least to have become a much watered-down version of his former resilient self. Nothing of course could be further from the truth, as anyone may discover who cares to visit Covent Garden, Billingsgate, or Petticoat Lane at the right hour of the morning. Here the Cockney is to be heard at his legendary best, indulging in the quick repartee that is one of his unique accomplishments. But he is not to be found only in a particular section of our city. Indeed the whole of London, as Mr. Franklyn points out, is a materialisation of the Cockney complex that is the subject of his book.

We are told that before the word Cockney was applied to a Londoner it meant a 'milkop', and before that was quite definitely used to describe a badly shaped egg; a cock's egg. The first to come out (in print anyway) with the Bow Bells tradition was John Minshen, who in 1617 published his *Ductor in Linguas* or *Guyole into Tongues*. It would appear that since then those born within the sound of the Bells have flourished lustily, and had with the dawn of the twentieth century firmly established themselves as serious characters in fiction. His chapter on the Cockney's place in literature is one of Mr. Franklyn's best. After paying tribute to Mayhew and Dickens for their handling of the subject he praises in this respect a writer not usually associated with scenes from East End life: 'A very shrewd, and closely observant picture of cockney life is W. Somerset Maugham's *Liza of Lambeth*. . . . The story, a work of fiction, is built of the solid masonry of fact. Not only is the social and emotional life of the lower classes

faithfully portrayed, but in it is some dialect writing of a very superior kind. In studying both cockney character and speech this much maligned work of art is invaluable'. Mr. Shaw, however, is not so entirely to be trusted; and in 'Pygmalion' his flower-girl is made to speak in a single sentence two distinctly different brands of Cockney—a fact that seems to escape the knowledgeable Professor Higgins.

Terrot Reaveley Glover. By H. G. Wood. Cambridge. 21s.

There are some characters who seem to belong to any age, or to all, and others who are flavoured so deeply with one particular period that it is difficult for anyone who has not been, in some sort, their contemporary to recapture their purpose and their appeal. Of the latter Oscar Browning was one of the great examples; it is hard to picture Cambridge before the great wars without O.B., but even harder to make O.B. live to anyone who did not know him. To a lesser degree, this is true of the subject of this memoir—T. R. Glover, Fellow of St. John's College, classical lecturer, author, Public Orator, pillar of the Baptist Church. Mr. Wood, in writing his competent and loving memoir, was not short of material; Glover left copious diaries, a reasonable number of widely circulated books, which have been supplemented by correspondence and recollections of friends; he lived a full span, from 1869 to 1943, lectured and travelled widely, received more than one honorary degree, and was the subject of a *Times* leader in the 'thirties.

Yet, as one reads and attempts to sum it up, the impression of Glover as primarily an enthusiastic Edwardian is the one that remains; his political history was that of an Edwardian, starting as a radical with leanings to Wellsian socialism and progressing through a slowly contracting liberalism to support of Neville Chamberlain and final disillusionment in the last war; his bubbling eagerness as a teacher of classical and Christian history is in the mood of the Edwardians; even the very poor verse quoted here, and the cheerful account of a religious week-end—'Ping-pong after lunch and dinner. Devotional meeting after breakfast'—belong to the same period, the period of Huxley and Wells.

Glover's great gift was that of a teacher and populariser in the best sense of the word; and he was led thereto, it seems, by the fortunate chance that took him to the Canadian Queen's University in 1896 as Professor of Latin. Apart from the strong appeal which the Dominion made to him—so strong that ten years after his return a student at one of his Cambridge lectures thought he had only just come back—he there found that Latin 'had to compete with all sorts of subjects and to stand on its own merits', with the result that he developed a passionate desire to translate the classics and classical history into terms of real personalities and real immediate problems of living, which made him, on his return to Cambridge, a source of immediate inspiration to undergraduates, particularly in their first year, who had been brought up on dry scholasticism. What Zimmern did for ancient Greece in *The Greek Commonwealth*, Glover in his lectures did for ancient Rome, and later in *The Ancient World, Greek Byways*, and *The Jesus of History*, for classical and New Testament civilisations respectively. His work was not final, nor perhaps profound—it may be for this reason, as well as because of the variety of his interests, that he was disappointed of a Chair of Ancient History—but it was always

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Selection I

A Yearbook of Contemporary Thought

Edited by Cecily Hastings and Donald Nicholl 15/- net

Donald Nicholl points out in his Introduction to this Yearbook that the modern University is fast becoming a multi-versity of conflicting specialisms, all more or less mutually unintelligible. Here, then, are brought together articles from periodicals here and abroad by specialists in various fields—philosophy, psychology, anthropology, theology and others—as a testimony that we live in a Uni-verse and that Truth is one. The English contributors include Victor White and E. E. Evans-Pritchard.

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By F. J. H. Letters

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informed with human interest and above all with gusto and enjoyment. He would not let you rest until his own imagination had forced yours to get to work, to see, in your mind's eye, Herodotus or Alexander, Horace or Augustus, in their own sunburnt towns, facing their own problems as it might be yours, arguing, legislating, or publishing some fresh book or poem which might arouse violent criticism.

'And as you read', wrote Harold Laski in a penetrating eulogy after his subject's death, 'you always discern the figure of T. R. Glover, tremendously alive, asking this man questions, telling another how things have changed since his day, eager and vigorous, perhaps a little too self-confident, but adorably insatiable in his enthusiasm and his curiosity'. Who could ask a better epitaph?

Literature for an Age of Science By Hyman Levy and Helen Spalding. Methuen. 15s.

In its earliest beginnings in western Europe, science was both a hand-maiden of art, and one of the Muses—one whose inspiration was perhaps more enthralling to painters and architects than any other. The study of perspective in the fifteenth century led such men as Alberti and Piero della Francesca not only to formulate a systematic theory, embodied in treatises which truly deserve to be considered as scientific monographs, but also to use their discoveries as a source from which they drew the material for the greatest masterpieces of their time. It is a commonplace to speak of our present period as a scientific age, but how nebulous have the connections between science and other aspects of civilisation become! The realisation during the last century of the practical usefulness of highly specialised technology produced a sudden spate of scientists whose training had involved the learning of more facts than any but a very few of their ancestors had ever had to master. And the process has turned out to be cumulative; the technicians who enriched our great-grandfathers have landed us in a world in which the only hope of economic salvation seems to be the attainment of even greater levels of technical efficiency. There looks to be a danger of our culture becoming not merely scientific, but exclusively scientific.

Professor Levy and Miss Spalding have tried to examine the place which literature, considered as an art, could or should hold in the cultural life of a scientific civilisation. The aim is a very worthy one; but their success in achieving it is rather less than might be hoped. Their book is addressed, one would suppose, not to those who are already interested in literature, but to scientists. Its emphasis is not on the use which writers can make of scientific discoveries or theories, but on an attempt to persuade people with a primarily scientific background that literature has something important to contribute to life. In doing this they do not seem to realise well enough the degree to which science and art are complementary. It is true enough, as they claim, that although 'their means are so clearly different' yet they 'both seek to enrich man's awareness of himself and his environment'. But this is a very general aim towards which the two activities converge. Too often in the body of the book there seems to be an effort to show literature as something which is much closer to science than this, something which the scientist can appreciate without looking beyond the values which he accepts within his own discipline.

This is probably bound up with the fact that the authors see literature as primarily an endeavour to expound the nature of a society to its members. They open their chapter on 'The Scope and Character of Poetry' with the state-

ment 'To accept the view that a writer must be conscious of the social forces at work if he is to play his part adequately is also to accept certain implications'; and, dutifully accepting them, they soon find themselves driven to the petulant plea: 'But a poet is after all a more or less rational person'. The author who has brought them to this pitch of expostulation is, appropriately enough, Dylan Thomas. The few lines they quote from him are among his less Dionysiac, yet Levy and Spalding comment: 'Even an intelligent person may be excused if he is beaten by the poem that opens with this verse'. It is remarkable in fact how many of the quoted poems are disapproved of. Although the authors are ready with firm instructions ('For poets the moral is clear. They have to use their imagination imaginatively'), it seems doubtful whether they will sufficiently convey to scientists what poetry is all about or carry much conviction as to its value. It is not, surely, in the field of social relations that the values of art lie. The scientist is likely to look to economics and sociology for a deeper understanding of that domain. But art and literature can illuminate the one sphere which science can so far hardly touch—that of the individual life, and the relationships between individuals. If Levy and Spalding had written their book from the point of view of the enrichment of each man's awareness, instead of the awareness of Man in the abstract, they would have produced a better and more valuable work.

Sophocles' Electra and Other Plays Translated by E. F. Watling. Penguin Classics. 2s.

Sophocles' cast of mind was humanistic, balanced, sensible, and almost *laissez faire*. His style was unhurried and untroubled, his phrasing smooth and easy, his verse undemanding and pliant. His whole character, personal and literary, is summed up by his own immortal *μηδὲν ἄγαν*—nothing too much. And this, of course, is just the trouble for his translators. For if a work is to make an impact in translation, it is a great help for it to have some definite and outstanding idiosyncrasy (a great deal too much of something, in fact), that can be reproduced, despite a change of language, by virtue of its sheer weight. Thus at any rate *something* can be shown in English of Euripides' bitter passion or Aeschylus' thunderous morality simply because Euripides was very bitter indeed and Aeschylus, whenever any question of morals arose, was a positive iambic foghorn. But in Sophocles' case—well, to start with he tends to eschew extremes whether of passion or indignation; and even when his subject-matter does reach a high voltage, he never marks the occasion by excessive screaming or thumping.

Now English may be renowned as the language of sound, quiet sense, but in the last resort, as we all know, it really thrives on hysteria; and of this fuel, as we have tried to show, Sophocles had none to give. It follows that the most successful translations of Sophocles into English have been those of Gilbert Murray or Sir John Sheppard, which introduced their own hysteria—and did so at the price of accuracy. This is a price that Mr. Watling, like Sir Richard Jebb before him, is not prepared to pay.

Mr. Watling has taken four of Sophocles' plays—'The Philoctetes', 'Women of Trachis', 'Ajax', and 'Electra', and he has the courage to be accurate. He refuses to fake up Swinburnian excitement; he does not impose a false Tennysonian chiaroscuro. He is content to be pedestrian: but oh what a pity his boots are size fifteen! But very well, one might say, perhaps, since he has integrity, he also has some intellectual quality, some subtlety of distinction or approach, that will quietly illuminate the text which he refuses, so stoutly, to subject to neon-

lighting? Alas, no. One glance at Mr. Watling's introduction settles that one. The views there are clearly expressed and neatly formulated: so clearly and so neatly, in fact, that they reveal themselves immediately as those of a well-trained scholarship candidate from the north who will get firsts and prizes, a 'redbrick' readership—and a belated O.B.E.

There is nothing original, then, in the approach any more than the language. But one thing must be said. In a very occasional chorus, Mr. Watling shows, by a turn or a cadence, a flash of real affection for his author. Like the Emperor's nightingale, Mr. Watling has sung his song for love: but the nightingale rescued the Emperor from Death, not only by love, but by technical proficiency; and in this case Mr. Watling leaves Sophocles still underground.

Pascal. By Jean Mesnard. Translated by G. S. Fraser. Harvill Press. 18s.

There have been several attempts to make Pascal more 'interesting' and acceptable to changing fashions in romantic taste. A secret Protestant, an atheist, a masochist and the father of an illegitimate child has been portrayed in this or that biography. The present book, at the expense of being a little dull, dismisses such beguiling hypotheses. M. Mesnard is assured of Pascal's piety and Catholic loyalty, and he insists that Pascal's asceticism was not neurotic. Only towards the end of his scholarly book does M. Mesnard himself succumb to fashion and proclaim Pascal to be an 'existentialist'.

We are reminded that Pascal had a profound distaste for life. He disapproved of art, beauty, pleasure, love: he was never, his biographer says, in love. Pascal had a 'worldly' phase, but it was worldly only in the sense that it was not religious—mathematical and scientific studies then occupied his time. And although these studies were astonishingly fruitful (only a little less than Newton's), it is easy to believe that Pascal was often depressed.

Late one night he had a mystical experience. He was visited by 'the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob' not, as he added, 'of the philosophers and scientists'. He became henceforth an evangelistic writer. He set himself a twofold mission: first to prepare men, as we should say, 'psychologically' to believe in God; secondly, to demonstrate that the Christian religion is true. Pascal, so much better a logician than his rationalist contemporaries, saw the difference between a reason and a cause. Those other writers were content to provide reasons, or intellectual grounds, for belief in God. Pascal, a scientist and thus an empiricist, looked first for that condition of soul which caused men to believe in God; he found it, he thought, in the condition of wretchedness. Happy men were not especially aware of needing God. Unhappy men, on the other hand, were likely to wish to believe. Pascal thus reconciled himself to wretchedness. He put on a spiked belt. He became ill. 'Sickness', he said, 'is the Christian's natural state; for in sickness a man is as he ought always to be—in a state of suffering, of pain, of privation from all the pleasures of the senses, exempt from all passions'. Pascal did not long sustain his austere existence; he died when he was only 39.

Pascal thought psychological causes more important than intellectual arguments because he was virtually a determinist. He quarrelled with the Jesuits because he suspected they encouraged 'laxity', because they were rationalists and because they believed in free will. Jesuits reading his *Provincial Letters* were hard pressed to see the difference between Pascal and Calvin; it may well have seemed that, taking his thought from Jansen and Geneva, he wanted Rome only for its discipline. On the night of his mystical experience, the word he chose for his resolution



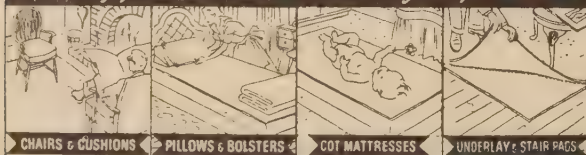
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one of the best things
in life until you sleep
on a Dunlopillo
mattress!"*

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was 'soumission', resolving to submit, it might have appeared, for the melancholy satisfaction of submission.

In truth, Pascal was a subtler, more sophisticated thinker than either Calvin or Jansen, and an infinitely better writer. He has little to say to the cheerful and credulous, but his *Pensées* prove him to be one of the greatest masters in the literature of despair. This is presumably what prompts M. Mesnard to call him an 'existentialist'. Since that ambiguous appellation is enjoyed by German atheists, French Catholics and Danish Lutherans, it may seem peevish to withhold it from Pascal. But if 'existentialist' means anything at all, it means a metaphysician, and that is one thing Pascal was manifestly not. His mysticism was only another form of his empiricism. It rested on sensory evidence: he had seen God.

Around Theatres. By Max Beerbohm. Hart-Davis. 30s.

Few questions have been so frequently asked—and so inadequately answered—as that which seeks to define the qualifications of a dramatic critic. But for the hypothetical editor of the future, who seeks guidance on the point, this volume of reprinted articles by 'Max' may well stand as touchstone and as sign-post. The—almost certainly—brash and inexperienced aspirant to theatrical criticism will be faced with 'Young Man, have you read *Around Theatres*?' And, if he has, will be faced further with the searching query, 'What did you think of it?' The results, if not especially amusing, should be to preserve the reader from a good deal of the rubbish that in contemporary circumstances he has to endure on the subject of plays and players at the hands of persons apparently ignorant of the former, and careless of the latter. For 'Max'—in conformity with the admirable portrait which serves as frontispiece to the volume—reveals himself as having been invariably urbane, elegant, and well-mannered; sufficiently well-informed without being academic; subject to reasonable preference, but never to vulgar prejudice; and quite wonderfully unsusceptible to the charms and glamour of 'theatre' as such.

To the reader who shares the only too common attitude that playgoing consists in the endurance of wagons for the sake of the 'stars' to which those wagons are—often so painfully—hitched, this book may prove something of a disappointment. Indeed some people may feel that the actors get less than their fair share of the 'notices'. On this point the author is frank almost to brutality. He avows himself as less interested in players than in the writing of plays and their authors; and confesses that to the history and tradition of players dead and gone he attributes no value whatsoever. It would be interesting to know whether his view has been modified by the coming to fine flower of the talking-picture, which now preserves the actor and actress of the present day for ultimate comparison with their successors. So what emerges from this collection of what are essays rather than 'notices' is an unparalleled and fascinating picture of the period background of the Theatre with which it deals: the music-hall already in its decadence; the two socially-significant audiences, of the Stalls and the Pit; the prevailing sway of the actor-managers, Alexander, Wyndham, Waller; the declining star of Irving at the Lyceum, and the rising stars of Shaw and Barker at the Court.

The survey, for all its urbanity, is not lacking in bite. The bludgeon is never used, but the rapier is planted unerringly and ruthlessly in the heart of various matters: in the dialogue of Pinero; in the cult for Duse by persons ignorant of a single word of Italian; in the conscious

infantilism of Barrie; in Sarah Bernhardt's exhibitionist determination to play 'Hamlet' and 'L'Aiglon'. In balance, as it were, there are unforgettable portraits of Irving and Coquelin, of Ellen Terry and Réjane—and, in no circumstances to be missed, of Dan Leno.

In one of the earlier essays the author ventures to cast doubts on the value of collections of dramatic criticisms. He himself is the exception proving the rule.

The Responsibilities of the Critic

By F. O. Matthiessen. O.U.P. 30s.

Books in General. By V. S. Pritchett. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

The simultaneous appearance of these two books, both similar collections of essays and reviews, inevitably suggests a comparison of English and American standards in such matters. There is no doubt that these standards have diverged more and more in the past twenty or thirty years—American criticism has drawn away from the English tradition. To this tradition Mr. Pritchett remains faithful. He is conditioned by the fixed length of article which he writes week by week for the same periodical (all but one of his essays appeared originally in *The New Statesman and Nation*) and by the level of intelligence which he may expect from the readers of that periodical. His essays, therefore, have a unity and even a uniformity lacking in the American volume.

Matthiessen, like most American intellectuals, was drawn into the academic world and became a professor at Harvard. He was, however, what one might describe as a left-wing radical, and was therefore addressing an audience which corresponds fairly closely to Mr. Pritchett's. But the methods and scope of these two critics of literature could not be more different. To begin with their scope: Mr. Pritchett casts his urbane eye over the whole field of world literature and deals in general with outstanding figures—Manzoni, Galdós, Henry James, Carlyle, Swift, Zola, Maupassant, Gide, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Dickens. There are not many familiar names in Mr. Matthiessen's list—and apart from Yeats, they are all Americans: Henry James, Melville, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain. The larger part of his book, however, is taken up with writers whose very names will be unfamiliar to the reader on this side of the Atlantic: Sarah Orme Jewett, William Vaughan Moody, Moses Coit Tyler, T. K. Whipple, Hardin Craig, Russell Cheney, Phelps Putnam, etc. Matthiessen was hardly a chauvinist, but he did deliberately foster the illusion of a separate literature in English, an 'American Renaissance'. This involved a social rather than an aesthetic standard of criticism (for there cannot be two aesthetic standards for one and the same language, and the dialectical differences of speech are not a sufficient basis for separate literary standards). Though he saw the limitations of Marxist orthodoxy (he considered that it gave an inadequate view of the nature of man, and that it could not provide a substitute for 'the critic's essential painstaking discipline in the interplay between form and content in concrete works of art'), nevertheless he had been profoundly influenced by the Marxist theory of criticism, and believed (as Mr. Rackliffe, who edits this selection of posthumous papers, says) that 'criticism was not a form of personal expression or personal display, nor a substitute for "creative" activity. It was the fulfilment of a social duty, confined within the healthy limits of a craft'.

As a restraint on the pedantic exegesis which is the average American academic conception of criticism, this conception of criticism was (and still is) very necessary—analysis, as Matthiessen

himself says, 'can run to seed unless the analysing mind is also absorbed in a wider context than the text before it'. He also says, in the same essay which gives its title to the volume, that 'the good critic becomes fully equipped for his task by as wide a range of interest as he can muster'. That interest must be related to the problems of our own time—the critic has to be both involved in his age and detached from it'. Mr. Pritchett rarely turns his eye to the struggling writers of his own time, and seems, judging by this collection of essays, to be completely uninterested in poetry. Matthiessen has a lively sense of 'the task of the poet'—of the urgent necessity to focus the confusions of our time into some precision of expression. One could hardly call Mr. Pritchett an escapist (his essay on Koestler shows his awareness of the problems that preoccupy Matthiessen); but he is an enchanter. He has style and wit, and a magpie's eye for all that is bright and intelligent in the books he criticises. By comparison, Matthiessen is dull and plodding, but he is also severe—he wants to put a stop to the continual overpraise of mediocrity—the 'soft incessant drip' that threatens the young artist or thinker with engulfment. He has too urgent a sense of duty, of necessity, to bother much about the common reader. If Mr. Pritchett is a wine to sip when the day's work is done, Professor Matthiessen is a tonic to be taken before we set out—the work of a strenuous critic who would bring 'the whole soul of man into activity'.

The Dark Side of Love

By John Smith. Hogarth. 6s.

Collected Poems. By J. P. Angold.

So Late into the Night

By Sydney Goodsir Smith.

Peter Russell. 8s. 6d. each.

A few years ago Mr. John Smith published a first book of poems called *Gates of Beauty and Death* under the name of C. Busby Smith. It was an excessively romantic collection, full of words like 'plash' and 'bright', but not entirely unpromising. With his second book he has not only pruned and made plainer his forenames but also his style. *The Dark Side of Love* is romantic, too, but large parts of it are comparatively restrained, and Mr. Smith's sense of organisation and pattern emerges with force: he has recognised and cured many of his youthful faults, and since he is not yet thirty he may be capable of still further progress towards the realism that his talent needs for ballast and exercise.

The night furious and the wild winds flying.

Smouldering among vicious sparks of stars she rides

Burning the lips of clouds with a livid kiss.

Trees may not hold her. Their leaping herring-shoals

Of silver fish-leaves twitch in the net of the night.

The white knives of her light ring on the spidery roads

That twist across this landscape pitted with graves.

('Conversations with the Moon')

In such lines as these the underlying observation is having to fight against the stranglehold of too many adjectives, a too violent expression. And in other poems, particularly a sequence about parting, the diction is too elaborate; it is just too far for comfort between the concrete moments of true image and felt perception:

All that's left of a world, a love,

Is a handful of dust at a year's turn

That the wind will lift and scatter

Over grey fields that yearn

For the fled summer's warmth,

As I, too, needs must mourn

The loss of your love, my sun.

This is not dead language, but it is still too 'poetical'.

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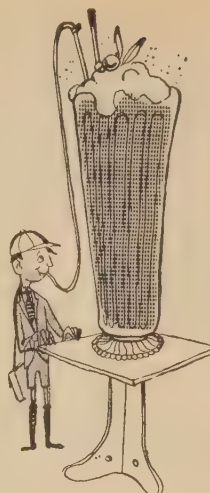
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covers: the justification for their price is that they are published in limited editions. J. P. Angold was killed on active service in 1943 when he was in his middle thirties. He had been a contributor to the *New English Weekly*, interested in social credit theories, and had corresponded with Ezra Pound. His poems are rather a rag-bag—bits of Kipling, the Georgians, and Pound himself—with those that propagandise against usury and such like particularly

cadaverous and with rather an unpleasant odour, too. But, clearly, he was an intelligent and feeling man, and a handful of poems that the war called from him show a fresh imaginative response which makes this volume more than a pious or tendentious gesture. A poem called 'East Grinstead, May 1942' deserves a place in any anthology of the poetry of 1939-45.

Mr. Goodsir Smith's new poems come with Dr. Sitwell's generous recommendation: she

finds several of them 'to be amongst the few poems by a poet now under forty to which the word "great" can be applied'. Mr. Goodsir Smith writes in Lallans which for an English reader may make them as difficult to evaluate calmly as a tune scored for the oboe. Words like 'juve', 'breist' and 'hert' (of which Mr. Goodsir Smith is never shy) have a very fat vibrato: it might be instructive to hear him play for a while on the penny whistle.

New Novels

Patrol. By Fred Majdalany. Longmans. 9s. 6d.

Vain Glory. By Dieter Meichsner. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

The Last Shore. By George Baker. Barrie. 12s. 6d.

It's Different for a Woman. By Mary Jane Ward. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE regrettable truth is, as Bertrand Russell once observed, that people enjoy wars. They make a change. They provide an excuse for bad behaviour. They may even inspire some people, normally incapable of it, to positively good behaviour. 'Why, then, we shall have a stirring world again', remarked the servitor in 'Coriolanus' when the drums begin to beat. And even those who do not enjoy wars at the time are apt to become enthusiastic in retrospect. Except, of course, for the dead, the mutilated or the bereaved; and these are either dumb perforce and for ever, or else find few that are willing to listen. For it is the old story of Time the goldsmith so cleverly tricking up the past: we remember the N.A.A.F.I. dances and have forgotten the exhaustion, the horror and the waste.

I offer these reflections because there has recently been a spate of war-films and war-novels, most of which (including the two listed above) make exactly the point I have tried to make here. The trouble is that they make it, not by way of purposeful comment, but unconsciously and with complete equanimity, by the sheer intrinsic significance of the attitude they adopt. Formerly, war-books were of two kinds. Either they stemmed from Homer and, although giving a deal of space to the pity of it all, were largely Heroic in mould; or, like *All Quiet on the Western Front*, they were indignant and high-minded protests, virulent and much-needed propaganda, against the whole shameful business. Heroism in war or Protest against war: there was much to be said for them both. But now we are faced with a new type of war story, a type which is skilfully rather than sincerely presented, which is civilised, and urbane in tone, and which, above all, accepts war as just one more normal activity, not without its pitfalls, but pre-eminently there for enjoyment, relish and personal advancement. A sort of city luncheon, if you like,—an occasion on which both business and pleasure can be mutually and profitably pursued, not by two enemies, but merely by friendly rivals.

Firstly then, *Patrol*. As a light-weight novel, this is absolutely first-class. Fred Majdalany has shown every excellence associated with the 'critic's novel', not one of the defects. His book is beautifully set out; the narrative technique is as smooth as silk; the characters are well labelled, carefully contrasted, and become united, separated and re-united in the patterns of their personal and military lives with a satisfying but never too obvious rhythm. All this is familiar when a distinguished critic takes to fiction. What is also familiar, and what is mercifully absent here, is the feeling of deadness and unreality, the sense that the author is showing off all the tricks of the trade, the reader's annoyance at the virtuoso conceit with which, for example, Edmund Wilson plays all the shots from all the angles—but without an

opponent to give them any point. None of that here. This is a tightly finished novel about tangible people in plausible and well-described circumstances.

And yet . . . You see, it is too smooth, too witty, too calculated for its subject. One almost feels Mr. Majdalany is writing some nice little pastoral piece about an Angela Thirkell family on holiday with its faithful retainers: in fact he is writing about a battalion in the African desert. The officers are old before their time, the men are worn out, despair and fatigue are the order of the day. A very young major is ordered on a futile patrol to a farm house because some nit-wit at Division, who must order someone to go somewhere, is in a hurry to go off and collect supplies of wine, and so chooses the first place on the map his eye hits upon. We are given a prolonged and entertaining flashback of the patrol-leader's former career, we are shown the patrol itself in a stretch of very clever Hitchcockian narrative, and we finally see the young major crumple to death through sheer tiredness and resentment at the absurdity of his task. The whole is presented as the ironic joke it is. But it is also a horrible joke, and this is not made plain. Lip-service only is paid to the facts of death and pain: it is as though Mr. Majdalany were describing someone being stung by a bee in the delightful picnic set-up into which war has been converted for our benefit. And there you have it; a brilliant novel which has war as its subject but is presented in terms of an idyll by Theocritus.

Something of the same sort may be said about Dieter Meichsner's *Vain Glory*. Meichsner being German, war is seen rather as the Great Game than as a mere country-house cricket-match; his mental attitude is nevertheless comparable to Mr. Majdalany's.

Herr Meichsner's story tells of a detached force of Germans in 1945 who are determined to fight on even after their country's official surrender. In a series of extremely competent introductory scenes, we are shown the German band (S.S. troops supported by infantry) preparing to attack a small foot-hill town occupied by a handful of Americans. The plan is to seize the Americans' uniforms, impersonate the wearers, liberate all Germans from the nearby prison-camp, and thus push on with a far larger force to take up an impregnable position in the Alps. And what good will that do? This is just the question young Lieutenant Gärtner asks himself: he decides that his conscience is too sensitive for further fighting, picks up a girl at a nearby farm, falls in love with her for no comprehensible reason, and deserts his comrades to get to a trysting-place where his true love is to join him.

Now this girl has confessed to Gärtner that she is a Jewess; and the excellent lesson Herr Meichsner patently means and hopes to put

across is that peace, virtue and tolerance (in the person of Gärtner) always find a way of overcoming the forces of evil and Armageddon (represented by S.S. Oberführer Fischer and his relentless diehards). But unfortunately, however praiseworthy Meichsner's superficial motives, his real and underlying attitude to the question has emerged full strength. For Lieutenant Gärtner appears as a miserable cowardly, sex-starved adolescent, and his girl friend as a teasing little ninny; while the supposed villains of the S.S. turn out to be fighters and sportsmen (which, in the circumstances, they certainly were) playing a difficult game, well but unluckily, against long odds. Once again war has emerged, not indeed as Mr. Majdalany's civilised and Watteausque joke, but at least as an acceptable and even desirable state of affairs. And what will make it seem yet more desirable is the great perception and literary craftsmanship with which Herr Meichsner puts it all across. He has made the one disastrous point that post-war conditioning and his conscience have told him he must not make, and he has made it shatteringly well.

The Last Shore by George Baker is a compressed and rather good account, relayed as slightly stilted fiction, of the causes, catastrophes and consequences of the Trojan War. I am never entirely sure how to react when the old stories are retold, particularly when, as in this case, they have been first told by the greatest poets of all; but perhaps a comparison will help. Readers of Homer will recollect that Helen's beauty was described, once and for all, by the old men on the wall of Troy. Their fighting days were done, their limbs were feeble, and they spent all day shrilly gossiping in the sun; but when they saw Helen (whom they had now seen every day for ten years) their hearts were stirred within them, and they said: 'Small wonder is it that for such a one as this the Trojans and well-graved Achaeans have endured agony for many years'. In face of this account, Mr. Baker's introduction of the famous beauty is liable to be a little tame. 'But when she entered the hall and moved toward them, he caught his breath and stared, as at a vision of Aphrodite herself'. Tame, yes, and certainly derivative—but creditable, I think. And that goes for the whole book: it is a creditable and dignified attempt to re-tell the oldest and the best story of them all.

It's Different for a Woman, by the author of *The Snake Pit*, is a wickedly pointed study of a small American township. Highly malicious and very readable, it diagnoses a typical and widely-ramifying family of the Middle West:—greedy, vulgar women, brow-beaten, money-grubbing males, precocious and pustular children. I only hope Mary Jane Ward won't find some long-nosed American Committee on her track: for, God bless her, she certainly deserves to do so.

SIMON RAVEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Enough of water hast thou...

'ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU TO DRINK', said the man in the train. He was talking, as the whole carriage always talks on Monday mornings about the Sunday play; 'The Lady from the Sea' followed by 'Many Waters' had damped his enthusiasm. 'What, I mean, was she *on* about, that one with the wet hair?' 'Yearning for the sea symbolically', I said, 'longing to be free of a partner to whom she had not freely given her heart. It's all about the importance of choosing freely', I ended lamely. 'Pardon?' said someone after a pained pause. So we switched over to 'Many Waters' and this was much easier to discuss; leading to the Earls Court Exhibition, fireworks, and, like all other conversations, ending in dreamy chat about royal personages.

I enjoyed 'Many Waters'. Monckton Hoffe's play can stand a lot of punishment. Its heart beats soundly. There was some overplaying and the no-man's-land between charades and British film acting was heavily ploughed up by the end of the long and beautiful May evening when at last I reopened my curtains; but the essential scenes came off nicely. The wedding of the young love-birds at the registrar's included one of those wonderful stage chaps who never seem to know how a floor really is scrubbed; but it had its moments of pathos, too. The only trouble was that Mr. Lawton and Miss Grizelda Hervey did not really in this scene look so very much younger than they did many years later when they were supposed to be in their dotage and sat on the grass and looked at the lake in St. James's Park; except that Mr. Frank Lawton had by then begun a kind of owlish blinking which reminded us of the late Robert Benchley. But these were nice performances; not, it was agreed in my carriage, 'overdone'. 'Whereas in Ibsen...', it was hinted.

But, really, Harold Clayton's handling of Ellida was masterly; never a cut in the wrong place, never a point missed. I thought the scene somewhat over-dressed at times, with a very stagey backcloth and overmuch bustle (in a sartorial sense). It could be said, too, that Irene Worth was



'The House of Cards', a dance drama televised on May 9, with David Paltenghi as the King and (background) Anne Heaton as the Queen, and John Field as the Knave

not always lighted to the happiest advantage and that it was a mistake for her to disclose so much agitation so quickly in the scene where she hears Arnholm describe the wreck. But otherwise it was a lovely performance, one of the most persuasive I have been lucky to see of this maddening *femme fatale* of the fjords.

I suppose the nearness to 'ordinary' social comedy of the play with its tiresome heroine (the first of a long line) makes it more than ever difficult to see as a symbolic parable. Tiresome heroines with inexpressible longings have rather gone out of fashion again—they were something to do with the emancipation of women—and as now we are all back where we started, women are best liked when they seek to please. There are times when one very much shares Miss Hilda's view of her fishy step-mama. Incidentally, Jane Wenham made the very best of that sympathetic little part. Generally Miss Worth was well matched. Eric Berry, Sarah

Lawson, and Brian Harding (as Lyngstrand, but minus cough, oddly enough) and Douglas Campbell, hirsute and nautical, were all well in the picture and Robert Harris, by no means for the first time, showed himself the perfect Ibsenite husband, puzzled but always on hand to soothe, or pass some helpful remark, such as 'There, who would have thought it? What a little sly-boots you are to be sure'. This translation avoided all such absurdities; it was only to be faulted a little in the great final scene which should ring more poetic chimes.

One of my favourite Sunday papers last week published some trenchant hints on good viewing. I liked specially Hint 4: 'Do not watch your screen without interruption: allow your eyes to wander round the room from time to time. This rests the eyes'. From time to time! Without interruption! I am practising this rule a lot. I find it rests not only my eyes. It also helps Ibsen, who has recently been hailed as the



'Let Us Be True', a play by Denys Ives televised on May 12, with Michael Brennan as the Police Sergeant, David Horne as Dr. Pascoe, Nora Nicholson as Mrs. Crawford and Everley Gregg as Mrs. Fairley



A scene from Monckton Hoffe's play 'Many Waters', televised on May 17, with Frank Lawton as James Barcardine and Grizelda Hervey as Mabel Barcardine

perfect television playwright but whom some of us used to think of as the perfect sound-only dramatist. In a sense, the overtones of these poetic social pieces are easier to hear when you have not got your eyes glued to the scene and are watching to see whether the next move of Mrs. Eggnog's bustle will not overset the lampstand on the off-prompt side of the screen.

Two recitators followed the plays. The first was Denis Matthews, neat but reserved, which was a nice change from the full-blooded charm and simperings we get so often. The other was a lady called Mattiwilda Dobbs with lustrous eyes and a light soprano of fine quality. How are they to present singers? Unless one is acutely interested in lip movements and the visible evidence of how a voice is being placed, the close-up is not much fun. On the other hand, if they have charm (as Madame Schumann had), the best way is just to let singers stand and sing.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

All-Alive-O!

WHEN PETER USTINOV and Peter Jones shoot off 'In All Directions' they do (blessedly) just that, boxing the compass of parody (and social comment), going to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier. I don't know how long they can keep it up on their rolling road. In the new series (Home) they seem to have the world as a kick-about Good; much as we regret the loss of Copthorne Avenue—now replaced by Venezuela—the partners did need elbow-room. Yet I foresee that, before long, we shall be whizzing among the planets and saucers: these comedians, masters of the world (and the word) need a universe. Hears't thou, Mars?

Radio-variety has been doing its level best with 'star shows', 'pleasure-boats', and so forth. Recently, I am afraid, it has not been high-level fooling. Most of the artists are as familiar as competent; maybe too familiar. Round they come with the same mannerisms, the usual inflections, and what often appears to be the same material. It has a too-solemn routine. The Variety Department, which tackles its vast job with likeable determination, remains a little afraid of making a fool of itself. But that—in the best sense—is its work, the madder the better. There have been hopeful programmes. Eric Barker had the idea; the Bradens are never afraid of imaginative idiocy; 'Take It From Here' can get us to take it, though the script can bump and bore. Still, we know the people too well. The joy with Ustinov and Jones is that they are rarely themselves. They are myriad-minded, multi-voiced. They are blithest when they are gibbering; the more they gibber the happier for all.

It was Ulysses, not Ustinov, that said 'The deep moans round with many voices . . . 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world'. That might be an epigraph for 'In All Directions', assuming that the partners need anything so pompous as an epigraph. (I hear them getting to work on the word.) Every voice is either Ustinov's or Jones'. There are the soapily inventive 'spivs'. There is the fellow like a musical saw. There are the after-dinner speakers, arch, military, or man-to-man (proud to feel just a bloke among you other blokes). There are—but why run on? Ustinov and Jones will run on. This is a Projected Transatlantic Expedition. It begins when (I believe) Ustinov is asked to lecture in Venezuela; after that, each man for himself. We arrive, strangely, at staff and regimental dinners; we go madly multilingual; and we meet Dudley and Maurice, who have what they call 'the horizontal approach to the Customs problem', and who can furnish anyone with that imperative need, 'a document to prove you don't exist'. All the Ustinovs, all

the Joneses, exist in all directions. This (produced by Pat Dixon) is fooling that aerates the air. More, I prithee, more!

There should be variety enough in 'Edward, My Son' (Home), with its twenty years' climb from a Brighton flat to a house in Charles Street, via Islington and Allassio. It is a Father-and-Son partnership (Son never appears) that is subject to patches of 'fading'-scenes when, apparently, the authors, Robert Morley and Noel Langley, lost interest. Peter Watts and his cast, never losing interest, brought up strongly the passage in which Father buys the school to save Son from expulsion, and did their best with the duller office scene that follows. Angela Baddeley had a subtle vocal quality; Howard Marion-Crawford, as the ruthless climber, seemed to me, like the play, to be fitfully good.

I will come to 'A Tale of Two Cities' next week. Properly, we must end here with the National Anthem. 'Long to Reign Over Us' (Home) was a feature on the evolution of the melody. Esmé Percy, in his timeless tones, acted as guide (Dr. Arne himself); we heard the anthem as it sounded on certain neatly suggested occasions, also as an eighteenth-century advertisement for turbot and as performed by sea-lions at a modern circus. ('Most extraordinary!' said Arne.) A charming programme. I suggest that, for any repetition, Malcolm Baker-Smith should revise the scene in beleaguered Lucknow: it might have been Ustinov-Jones burlesque (that Colonel!), and I hardly think this was intended.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

More About Poetry

AT A FABIAN LECTURE many years ago Mrs. Sidney Webb, who as chairman was introducing the lecturer, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, declared in what seemed to me an unduly boastful tone: 'I never read poetry'. To those who share her distaste I must apologise for harping on this disagreeable theme for two weeks in succession. There were, it is true, other broadcasts last week of interest both to unpoetical folks and to me, but as it happened there were two programmes of more than ordinary importance relating to poetry which it would have been sheer dereliction of duty for the critic to ignore. Moreover, the critic who ignores his own tastes in order to pander to people whose pleasures lie elsewhere runs the risk of interesting nobody.

One of these programmes was a recording made in the U.S.A. by I. A. Richards on Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind', the other 'A selective survey of English poetry in the 1920s', called 'Between Two Wars', by Patric Dickinson, which ran for no less than an hour.

Mr. Richards did not temper the wind to his listeners: his austere and spasmodic delivery reduced his contact with them to a minimum and when employed in reading Shelley's great poem robbed it of most of its aesthetic qualities. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Richards' talk was not concerned with these, but with a careful analysis of the meaning and intention of the poem. His method was to place side by side with certain words and phrases in the poem certain passages, some from Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound', 'Ode to Liberty', 'Hellas' and the 'Defence of Poetry', others from 'The Revelation' and 'The Upanishads', which shed new and strange lights on the meaning of the ode. He indulged his listeners with little or no exposition, leaving them to extract the significance of these juxtapositions for themselves. On the printed page, which gives opportunity for backward glances and moments of reflection, this method is highly stimulating, but in the evanescent circumstances of a broadcast it is, I think, wasteful because even the most attentive listener is unable to retain and assimilate

all the references. It was hard enough to do so even when listening to the repeat later in the week. Nevertheless it was a broadcast of extraordinary interest, full of revelations and suggestions which greatly enriched the ode.

'Between Two Wars' was an outsize 'Personal Anthology', double the customary length and, as such, intimidating in prospect, since half an hour has hitherto proved itself the ideal length. But in fact this programme was not simply a choice of poems with a brief introduction, but an historical sketch by Patric Dickinson of the condition of English poetry during the 'twenties with, as they say, copious illustrations. The narrative was spoken by Felix Felton with exemplary clearness and spontaneity, except that here and there, I thought, he gave an air of smartness to Mr. Dickinson's remarks of which, spoken with a different intonation, they would have been innocent—a small point in an excellent performance. The host of readers of the poems or extracts from poems—thirteen of them in all—performed their parts in a way that robbed me of any opportunity to air my views on poetry-reading in half a column of diatribe. The survey kept a firm hold on my attention from beginning to end and the variety supplied by the alternation of narrative and illustration made the hour slide past enjoyably.

Before this programme, and with only a brief interval, came fifty minutes of 'A Dialogue of Elucidation' between Professor D. M. MacKinnon and A. G. N. Flew on the subject of the creation myth in Genesis. Alas, I soon discovered that my acquaintance with philosophy and theology were not enough to enable me to follow their argument, and so the only remark I am qualified to make is that, although reception was excellent, I and my companions were not always able to catch what was said.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Across the Centuries

IN A WEEK which included, though not in a broadcast, a revelation of the depths to which Italian opera-singers can sink, it was good to have the reassurance of a really excellent performance of so difficult a work as Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito'. Under Fernando Previtali's direction singers (with one exception Italians) and orchestra treated the opera not as an antique curiosity to be got through somehow, but as living music. Clean attack on the notes and lively rhythm sufficed to set this occasional work, written in a hurry for a coronation, in the best possible light. So only towards the end of the second act did one begin to weary of the stiff alternation of aria and recitative unwinding the ludicrously conventional ravelment of the plot, in which Mozart seems to have been as little interested as ourselves. But if the dramatic interest was small, the musical interest of hearing the music so well sung was great. Suzanne Danco's Vitellia must be singled out as a lovely performance, but only as *prima inter pares*.

On another evening I deserted the hearth to hear 'Elektra' at Covent Garden. It is too late to plead for a broadcast of this superb performance, though not too late to urge those who can to seize the opportunity of hearing it. Erna Schlüter's magnificent Elektra, a wonderful performance of sustained intensity, Hans Braun's immensely dignified and moving Orestes and Edith Coates' finely sung Klytemnestra combined with Kleiber's superb handling of the score to make this one of the great experiences of a life-time. If the opera is revived with this cast later in the year, as one hopes, the Third Programme must not again miss the opportunity.

On the following evening we had a perform-

ance, under Carl Schuricht of a much neglected work of Strauss, the 'Domestic' Symphony. This used to be damned, in the good old days of the 'programme music' wrangle, on account of its subject. That seems nowadays less of an offence. Indeed, I can see no reason why there should be any more objection to Strauss portraying his wife and child, and himself for that matter, in a kind of 'conversation piece', than there is to the portrait painted by Rubens of his Hélène and Frans, which leaves no doubt at all in the spectator's mind of the painter's passionate love for his wife. The trouble about the 'Domestic' Symphony now seems to be the disproportion between the means employed and the end achieved. Rubens could paint a 'swagger' portrait without losing the intimate quality of his emotional experience. Strauss was handi-

capped by the fact that the grandiose style in favour fifty years ago was just about the most unsuitable that could be used to obtain an intimate effect. It was a style well adapted to heroic subjects, like 'Ein Heldenleben' or 'Elektra', and it could be adjusted to comedy on the grand scale in 'Rosenkavalier'. The one thing it could not successfully do was to portray ordinary, everyday emotional situations. So, although Strauss' handling of his material is in no way inferior, as far as virtuosity goes, to Rubens' handling of paint, the Symphony is as commonplace and overblown as one of the equally accomplished portraits of the Royal Academicians of the same period.

A programme of fourteenth-century pieces by Machaut and others, edited by Denis Stevens, successfully presented the music of that remote

age in a manner which seemed authentic and at the same time intelligible to modern ears. Some exercise of historical imagination helped appreciation. For what seemed to a superficial view quaint or crude fell into proper perspective, when one remembered that this music belonged to the period when, for instance, Ely was built and the nave of Canterbury, to the century between Giotto and Fra Angelico and van Eyck, and, especially, that Machaut was the contemporary of the makers of the 'Apocalypse' tapestries at Angers, seen in London a few years ago, which seem a close visual counterpart of this music. With that in mind, there seemed less of a gap between Machaut and Debussy's 'La Mer', unpoetically though it was played, than between 'Tito' and 'Elektra'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

John Dowland and his Music

By THURSTON DART

Dowland's part-songs will be broadcast at 10.35 p.m. on Saturday, May 23, and 7.0 p.m. on Thursday, May 28 (Both Third)

JOHN DOWLAND, 'whose heavenly touch/Upon the lute doeth ravish humane sense', was born in 1563. At the age of sixteen he went to Paris in the service of the English ambassador, Sir Henry Cobham, and in the preface to his first song-book he tells how he 'travelled the greatest part of France, a nation furnished with great variety of music'. He returned to England in about 1584, becoming a Bachelor of Music at Oxford in 1588. Having failed to obtain the post of court lutenist to Queen Elizabeth I, he accepted an invitation from the Duke of Brunswick to go to Germany. 'He used me kindly', wrote Dowland from Nuremberg in 1595, 'and gave me a rich chain of gold, £23 in money, with velvet and satin and gold lace to make me apparel, with promise that if I would serve him he would give me as much as any prince in the world. From thence I went to the Lantgrave of Hessen, who gave me the greatest welcome that might be for one of my quality, who sent a ring into England to my wife, valued at £20 sterling, and gave me a great standing cup with a cover gilt, full of dollars, with many great offers for my service. From thence I had great desire to see Italy and came to Venice and from thence to Florence, where I played before the Duke and got great favors'.

In Italy Dowland made friends with such masters as Luca Marenzio and Giovanni Croce, but he did not stay there for long and he soon journeyed back to England by way of Nuremberg. Some of his lute music was published in 1596 by the London printer, William Barley, but—as the composer angrily pointed out a year later—these pieces were 'printed without my knowledge, false and unperfect'. On November 11, 1598 Dowland was appointed court lutenist to the lusty and extravagant King Christian IV of Denmark, brother-in-law of James I. His salary at Copenhagen was extraordinarily large, and in addition he received most generous gifts from the king. But Dowland's restless and melancholy disposition led him to take an early opportunity of absenting himself for a while from the boisterous and hard-drinking Danish court in order to come to England to buy musical instruments. Once at home, he found it difficult to face going back to Copenhagen; as he wistfully wrote some years later, 'I received a kingly entertainment in a forraine climate, which could not attaine to any (though never so meane) place at home'.

King Christian's patience with Dowland eventually wore thin, and he was dismissed from the royal service in February 1606. But even a

mean place at home seemed hard for Dowland to find. In his emblem book of 1612, Henry Peacham compared Dowland to a nightingale sitting on a briar in the depths of winter, and beneath the picture he wrote:

So since (old friend), thy yeares have made thee white,
And thou for others, hath consum'd thy spring,
How few regard thee, whome thou didst delight,
And farre, and neare, came once to heare thee sing:

Ingratefull times, and worthless age of ours,
That lets us pine, when it hath cropt our flowers.

At last, a court appointment came Dowland's way and in October 1612 he became one of the musicians for the lutes to King James I. For one of Dowland's talents and reputation, the post was not a very distinguished one; yet it had to content him until his death on January 20 or 21, 1625/26.

His fame today rests on his songs and, chiefly by hearsay, on his music for lute and viols. During his lifetime he was the best-known of all English composers among foreign music-lovers, and he was able to point out with justifiable pride that 'some part of my poore labours have found favour in the greatest part of Europe, and been printed in eight most famous Cities beyond the seas, viz.: Paris, Antwerpe, Collein, Nurenberge, Franckfort, Leipsig, Amsterdam, and Hamburge'. No other English composer could say as much. His songs were published in four folio books (London: 1597, 1600, 1603, 1612) and the first of these was reprinted no less than three times during his lifetime, a compliment that was paid to none of his contemporaries and a striking indication of the popularity of his music. Many of the songs occur over and over again in seventeenth-century musical anthologies of one kind or another, both English and foreign, printed and manuscript. The wordings of the title-pages of his song-books show that he was aiming at a wide public, who were encouraged to perform his music with any of the resources at their disposal: for instance, *The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure partes. . . . So made that all the partes together, or either of them severally may be song to the Lute, Orpherian or Viol de gambo* (1597), or *A Pilgrimes Solace. Wherein is contained Musicall Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be sung and plaid with the Lute and Viols* (1612). The wide circulation of his music proves that he succeeded in reaching this public.

Dowland's songs opened the way for the English school of lutenist song-writers, and they represent the meeting point of many currents in English music. One of these currents—the

writing of words to a ready-made tune—accounts for most of the Tudor ballad repertory, and many of Dowland's songs were first written as dance tunes, the words to the tune and the inner parts being more or less of an afterthought. Thus 'If my complaints' was originally a galliard written for a certain Captain Piper, 'Were every thought an eye' was a coranto, 'Now cease my wandering eyes' an alman, 'Flow my tears' a pavan (the famous 'Lachrimae pavan'). Others of his songs represent an entirely different technique of song-writing, that of setting a ready-made poem to music. Sometimes this problem is merely one of writing a tune that can be suitably harmonised. Many of his songs exist only in the form of tune-and-accompaniment, and in these he evidently preferred the greater expressiveness of a solo singer to the greater sonority of a vocal group. But in others he added three extra vocal parts beneath the tune; yet these are sometimes rather ineffective when sung, and it seems probable that he intended them primarily for viols accompanying a single solo voice. Such songs form the logical continuation of an old English tradition, the song for voice and viols; Byrd wrote many pieces of this kind and, like Dowland, he published them with words underlaid to all the parts even though this was not their original version.

Certain of Dowland's songs were undoubtedly written for the stage. Some are masque songs: dialogues, for an ensemble of solo voices, instruments and chorus; settings of verses by masque poets and of 'occasional' poems; and songs with note-against-note harmonisations—'Away with these self-loving lads', for instance. Songs like these would have been easy to learn, and they would have been doubly effective in performance because of the dramatic contrast between their tuneful simplicity and their ornate surroundings. Others appear to have been written as incidental music for a play. Thus 'Come, ye heavy shades of night' is almost incomprehensible unless it is treated as part of a scene in which a grieving daughter bewails her father's death.

Many of the songs were evidently composed in the first instance as music for four voices, the lute accompaniment being only a rather makeshift substitute for the three lower ones. The magnificent sacred songs at the end of *A Pilgrimes Solace*; the elegiac 'Go crystal tears'; canzonets like 'What if I never speed?'; pastorals like 'A shepherd in a shade': these are not solo songs but polyphonic madrigals, yet they are almost unknown to madrigal-singers of the present day.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

STUFFED APPLES

IF YOU ARE going to stuff an apple before baking, it is better to peel it first. If you do this, you will have to put a sort of imitation skin on the apple to stop it from falling to pieces when it is cooked. You can do so by brushing it all over with beaten white of egg. Let this first coating get quite dry and then brush it again and, finally, sprinkle it all over with castor sugar. It is then ready to be covered with a greased paper and baked in the usual way. It makes a delicious sweet if you fill the hole where the core has been cut out with a mixture of butter and sugar and then bake. When it is nearly done, put a good 'dollop' of marmalade on top, and put the apple back into the oven for the marmalade to run down the sides. You could do the same, of course, with any sort of jam, and it is especially delicious with one of the less common jams, such as quince or guava. Do not put the jam in at the beginning or it might burn, but just roll up a strip of the peel and put this into the cavity where the core was until the apple is nearly cooked.

You can use many other things for stuffing a baked apple: mincemeat; almond paste; raisins or sultanas and chopped nuts; or chopped preserved ginger, or brown sugar and chopped dates flavoured with cinnamon.

But stuffed apples do not have to be cooked: you can make rather good salads with them, one for each person. It is better to use the sweeter

kinds of cooking apples for this, or the larger and sharper dessert kinds. Leave the apple unpeeled, and take out the core with as much flesh as will leave a case solid enough to stand up by itself. Cut the flesh into little dice, and mix them with other things suitable for a salad of this kind—cooked new potatoes and beetroot, or pieces of tomato flesh, or grated, raw, young carrot, or celery. Another pleasant mixture is apple and cooked French or runner beans. All these mixtures have to be dressed with mayonnaise or salad cream, and the pieces must be small enough to pile up inside the hollow apple.

AMBROSE HEATH

FLAVOURSOME COD

What are the points to note when you are cooking cod, or any other fish that is inclined to be rather insipid? First you must, obviously, flavour it well. I generally begin by sprinkling the fish with lemon juice (that also helps to keep its white colour), then season it with plenty of salt and pepper. It is a good idea to choose recipes which include strong-flavoured ingredients—cheese, onions, tomatoes, cider. For instance, try spreading a paste of margarine, grated onions, lemon juice, and seasoning on top of cod before grilling it. The next point is colour—and a contrast in texture. This is just the season to serve fish, hot or cold, with crisp colourful salads.

Cod is extremely nourishing, but like all

white fish it lacks fat, so make up for this deficiency by frying it—or dot it with margarine or butter when it is baked or grilled. White fish is particularly nourishing served with a sauce and there are plenty of simple, home-made sauces to choose from.

Do not over-cook cod—or any other fish. It is cooked as soon as the flesh comes away easily from the bone at the thickest part. Or, if it is filleted, as soon as a thick white fluid oozes out.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

F. W. GILLET (page 825): journalist employed by the Arab News Agency in Beirut

CLAUDE BOURDET (page 828): editor of the French weekly journal *L'Observateur*

E. J. B. ROSE (page 833): Director of the International Press Institute

SEAN O'FAOLÁIN (page 836): Irish writer and journalist; author of *Summer in Italy*, *Newman's Way*, etc.

C. A. COULSON, F.R.S. (page 839): Rouse Ball Professor of Applied Mathematics, Oxford University, since 1952; Professor of Theoretical Physics King's College, London University, 1947-1952

HUGH SYKES DAVIES (page 847): Lecturer in English Literature, Cambridge University; author of *Poets and Their Critics*, *No Man Pursues*, and *Grammar without Tears*

Crossword No. 1,203.

E-Changes.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 28

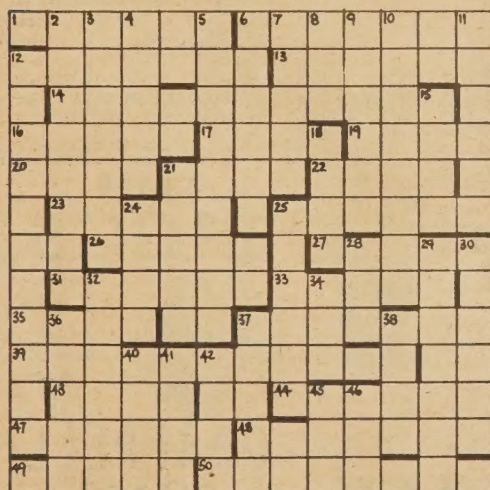
CLUES—ACROSS

1. Lower the French down in the river (6)
6. Airs in reverse suggest a seaweed (7)
12. The name for a gas (7)
13. He has first bid at the auction (6)
14. It's urgent but in time, maybe, the boat comes to port (11)
- 16R. Keep in the red and you are as you were (5)
17. Ceremony—of the Row? (4)
19. Place it in a set direction (4)
- 20R. What the human race is to 9 in short (4)
21. Age which might be aureoan (4)
22. The heart of a number of people (4)
23. The Scots have hysterics when I figures in expenditure (5)
25. It's ridiculous but reflect and you'll see it in time (6)
- 26R. Rebut the evidence and get the magistrate reversed (5)
27. Frothy sounds like a technical corps (5)
31. Your answer may be yes and you find old English does not agree (6)
33. Look back on Lucretius and see a train (5)
35. It's a plant when there's nothing in the beer (4)
37. One whose life is assured (7)
39. Sports re-models (11)
43. A light element? (4)
- 44R. Give a note to the team to remain sitting (6)
47. According to Dr. Johnson, the Giant's Causeway was worth this (6)
48. Seats about 28 for late parties (7)
49. 'Or it might be—(a man I hate)'—Kipling (5).
50. Stayed stateless to put in order (8)

DOWN

2. Names appropriate in cold northerly winds (8)
3. A Roman emperor with outside help is specifying barometers (7)
4. A young cod landed by a pull-devil with no jack (5)
5. I exuded to make a metallic compound (9)
6. Deck out your horse, and if there's no race you have a small coin back (6)
7. A brief article of attire in the intellect (5)
8. Pitch back a renegade (3)
9. Solver, your addressee rode back without it (6)
- 10R. A genus of ciliate infusorians can provide a rich French dowry (8)
11. 21 pieces give comfort in a race (6)
12. The worst makers for the best 'objets d'art' (11)
- 15R. Covering a genus of birds without a head-note (4)
18. A Maid becomes a philologist with this weight on her head (4)
21. Her kiss engendered a rondeau (5)
24. Land of these faithfui is Paradise (4)
25. Shrubs for the Underground, but not the 'Metro' (6)

There are twenty-six across lights. Each across clue leads to a word containing at least one E. One letter E has to be replaced by each letter of the alphabet in turn, taken in alphabetical order, and the resultant letters are rearranged to form the lights. Thus if the answer to 1A was DREAM, the light would be an anagram of DRAAM, i.e. DRAMA. The fifth clue (14A) leads to an eleven-letter word containing an E and the light, obtained in the same way, is an anagram of the clue word. An accent in one of the clue words is to be ignored. Down clues are normal. The unchecked letters can be seen in HIMMEL! KEEP RILEY HERE AND FLY AWAY—SAM.

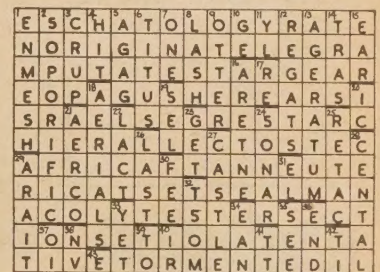


NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 28R. Where 'great steamers roll down to' (3).
29. Country of origin of vulpine raider and one of five sent up the fairway (7)
30. Gives up products (6)
32. Dialect derived from courtyards (6).
34. You must be aware of this organisation by the sound of it (3)
- 36R. A stubble field is ploughed up for the one in possession (5)
- 37R. Leaves a dwarf between two points (5)
38. My girl and I on the river (4)
40. Containers for the ashes are smashed when the batsmen get going (4)
41. If on—I determine, at my wedding she'll appear' (Gilbert) (4)
42. At home, postmen may seek it with nous (4)
- 45R. The goddess of peace starts off in anger (3)
46. Headless river of Germany (3)

Solution of No. 1,201



NOTES

Across: 4—Letter; 1. Anne-xation. 2. Don Marquis, Archie and Mehitabel. 6—Letter; 4. King Lear, IV. vii. 60. Down: 4. Hit-he. 5. 1 Samuel XV. 32. 6. Longfellow, Golden Legend. 15. Bar-wig. 27. Richard II, I. i, iii. 32. 30. Hamlet, I, iv. 65. 40 and 39. Richard II, II, i. 33.

Prizewinners: 1st prize A. Jackson (Houghton le Spring); 2nd prize A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield); 3rd prize W. E. Tucker (Crays Hill).

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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